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C. Miles Davies

THE WORKS OF

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

TUSITALA EDITION

VOL. V

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

FABLES

OTHER STORIES & FRAGMENTS

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE BY LLOYD OSBOURNE— vii
STEVENSON AT THIRTY-SEVEN

PREFATORY NOTE BY MRS. R. L. STEVENSON xv

DEDICATION xix

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

STORY OF THE DOOR 1
SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE 8
DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE 17
THE CAREW MURDER CASE 20
INCIDENT OF THE LETTER 25
REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON 30
INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW 34
THE LAST NIGHT 36
DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE 49
HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE 57

FABLES

PREFATORY NOTE BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN 77

I. THE SINKING SHIP 79
II. THE TWO MATCHES 81
III. THE SICK MAN AND THE FIREMAN 82
IV. THE DEVIL AND THE INNKEEPER 83
V. THE PENITENT 83
VI. THE YELLOW PAINT 84
VII. THE HOUSE OF ELD 86

PAGE

VIII. THE FOUR REFORMERS 9
IX. THE MAN AND HIS FRIEND 9
X. THE READER 9
XI. THE CITIZEN AND THE TRAVELLER 9
XII. THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGER 9
XIII. THE CART-HORSES AND THE SADDLE-HORSE 9
XIV. THE TADPOLE AND THE FROG 9
XV. SOMETHING IN IT 9
XVI. FAITH, HALF-FAITH AND NO FAITH AT ALL 10
XVII. THE TOUCHSTONE 10
XVIII. THE POOR THING 10
XIX. THE SONG OF THE MORROW 11

WHEN THE DEVIL WAS WELL 11

THE WAIF WOMAN 15

THE CHARITY BAZAAR 18

DIOGENES 18

STEVENSON'S COMPANION TO THE COOK BOOK ADORNED WITH A CENTURY OF AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES 19

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-SEVEN *

By Lloyd Osbourne

"SKERRYVORE" was an unusually attractive suburban house, set in an acre and a half of ground, and its previous owner—a retired naval captain—had been at no little expense to improve and add to it. Somehow it was typical of an old sailor; it was so trim, so well-arranged, so much thought had been given to its many conveniences. One felt it was a dream-come-true of long years passed at sea—even to the natty little stable, the miniature coach-house, and the faultlessly bricked court, faultlessly slanted to the central drain. Of course, it had a pigeon-cote; what old seaman would be happy ashore without one? And through all my memories of "Skerryvore" runs that melodious cooing and the flutter of wings on the lawn.

The house and five hundred pounds towards furnishing it were a wedding present to my mother from R. L. S.'s parents. The wanderers were now anchored; over their heads was their own roof-tree; they paid rates and taxes, and were called on by the vicar. Stevenson, in the word he hated most of all, had become the "burgess" of his former jeers. Respectability, dullness, and similar villas encompassed him for miles in every direction.

In his heart I doubt if he really ever liked "Skerryvore"; he never spoke of it with regret; left it with no apparent pang. The Victorianism it exemplified was

* This is one of thirteen papers on Stevenson at different ages by Lloyd Osbourne, his stepson and collaborator, who shared his life from 1876 until its end in 1894. They have been specially written for this Edition of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

jarring to every feeling he possessed, though with his habitual philosophy he not only endured it, but even persuaded himself that he liked it. But so far as he had any snobbishness it was his conviction—which was really somewhat naïve—that artists were instinctive aristocrats, who never could be content in the middle-class. I suppose when he said "artists" he meant himself, and certainly of all men he was the least fitted for ordinary English suburban life. Not that he saw much of it; he was virtually a prisoner in that house the whole time he lived in it; for him those years in "Skerryvore" were grey indeed.

His health throughout was at its lowest ebb; never was he so spectral, so emaciated, so unkempt and tragic a figure. His long hair, his eyes so abnormally brilliant in his wasted face, his sick-room garb, which he picked up at random and to which he gave no thought—all are ineffaceably pictured in my mind; and with the picture is an ineffable pity. Once at sunset I remember him entering the dining-room, and, with his cloak already about him, mutely interrogating my mother for permission to stroll in the garden. It had rained for several days, and this was his first opportunity for a breath of outside air.

"Oh, Louis, you mustn't get your feet wet," she said in an imploring voice.

He made no protest; he was prepared for the denial; but such a look of despair crossed his face that it remains with me yet. Then, still silent, he glanced again towards the lawn with an inexpressible longing.

Afterwards, in Samoa, I reminded him of that little scene at a moment when his exile was weighing most heavily on him. We were both on horseback and had stopped for a cigarette; the palms were rustling in the breeze, and the lovely shores of Upolu far below were spread out before us in the setting sun. He gave a little shudder at the recollection I had evoked, and after a moody pause exclaimed: "And all for five minutes in a damned back-yard! No, no, no; I would be a fool ever

to leave Samoa!" And, as though to emphasize the contrast, dug the spurs into his horse and started off at a headlong gallop.

Of course his health varied. There were periods when he was comparatively well; when he would go to London to spend a few days. Once he even got as far as Paris; once he went to Dorchester to see Thomas Hardy, and, continuing on to Exeter, was overtaken by an illness that lasted three weeks, and brought him to death's door. But in general he was a prisoner in his own house and saw nothing of Bournemouth save his own little garden. There could be no pretence that he was not an invalid and a very sick man. He had horrifying hemorrhages; long spells when he was doomed to lie motionless on his bed lest the slightest movement should re-start the flow; when he would speak in whispers, and one sat beside him and tried to be entertaining—in the room he was only too likely to leave in his coffin.

How, thus handicapped, he wrote his books is one of the marvels of literature—books so robustly and abundingly alive that it is incredible they came out of a sick-room; and such well-sustained books with no slowing down of their original impetus, nor the least suggestion of those intermissions when their author lay at the point of death. Those years in "Skerryvore" were exceedingly productive. *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was written here; so was *Kidnapped*, so was *Markheim*, and any number of his best short stories; so, too, was the *Life of Fleeming Jenkin*.

One day he came down to luncheon in a very preoccupied frame of mind; hurried through his meal—an unheard-of thing for him to do—and on leaving said he was working with extraordinary success on a new story that had come to him in a dream, and that he was not to be interrupted or disturbed even if the house caught fire.

For three days a sort of nush descended on "Skerryvore"; we all went about, servants and everybody, in a tiptoeing silence: passing Stevenson's door I would see

him sitting up in bed, filling page after page, and apparently never pausing for a moment. At the end of three days the mysterious task was finished, and he read aloud to my mother and myself the first draft of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

I listened to it spellbound. Stevenson, who had a voice the greatest actor might have envied, read it with an intensity that made shivers run up and down my spine. When he came to the end, gazing at us in triumphant expectancy and keyed to a pitch of indescribable self-satisfaction—as he waited, and I waited for my mother's outburst of enthusiasm—I was thunderstruck at her backwardness. Her praise was constrained, the words seemed to come with difficulty; and then all at once she broke out with criticism. He had missed the point, she said; had missed the allegory; had made it merely a story—a magnificent bit of sensationalism—when it should have been a masterpiece.

Stevenson was beside himself with anger. He trembled; his hand shook on the manuscript; he was intolerably chagrined. His voice, bitter and challenging, overrode my mother's in a fury of resentment. Never had I seen him so impassioned, so outraged, and the scene became so painful that I went away, unable to bear it any longer. It was with a sense of tragedy that I listened to their voices from the adjoining room, the words lost but fraught with an emotion that struck at my heart.

When I came back my mother was alone. She was sitting, pale and desolate before the fire, and staring into it. Neither of us spoke. Had I done so it would have been to reproach her, for I thought she had been cruelly wrong. Then we heard Louis descending the stairs, and we both quailed as he burst in as though to continue the argument even more violently than before. But all he said was: "You are right! I have absolutely missed the allegory, which, after all, is the whole point of it—the very essence of it." And with that, as though enjoying my mother's discomfiture and her ineffectual start to prevent him, he threw the manuscript into the fire! Imagine my

feelings—my mother's feelings—as we saw it blazing up; as we saw those precious pages wrinkling and blackening and turning into flame!

My first impression was that he had done it out of pique. But it was not. He really had been convinced, and this was his dramatic amend. When my mother and I both cried out at the folly of destroying the manuscript, he justified himself vehemently. "It was all wrong," he said. "In trying to save some of it I should have got hopelessly off the track. The only way was to put temptation beyond my reach."

Then ensued another three days of feverish industry on his part, and of a hushed, anxious and tiptoeing anticipation on ours; of meals where he scarcely spoke; of evenings unenlivened by his presence; of awed glimpses of him, sitting up in bed, writing, writing, writing, with the counterpane littered with his sheets. The culmination was the *Jekyll and Hyde* that everyone knows; that, translated into every European tongue and many Oriental, has given a new phrase to the world.

The writing of it was an astounding feat, from whatever aspect it may be regarded. Sixty-four thousand words in six days; more than ten thousand words a day. To those who know little of such things I may explain that a thousand words a day is a fair average for any writer of fiction. Anthony Trollope set himself this quota; it was Jack London's; it is—and has been—a sort of standard of daily literary accomplishment. Stevenson multiplied it by ten; and on top of that copied out the whole in another two days, and had it in the post on the third!

It was a stupendous achievement; and the strange thing was that instead of showing lassitude afterwards, he seemed positively refreshed and revitalized: went about with a happy air; was as uplifted as though he had come into a fortune; looked better than he had for months.

When I abandoned college at the end of my second year, and returned to "Skerryvore" with the intention of becoming an author myself under R. L. S.'s tuition, I was dismayed to find that he had become religious. Not in

the ordinary sense, but as a sort of disciple of Tolstoy's, then at the crest of his fame. With bewilderment I listened to the sentence about " the area of suffering," and others indistinguishable from the Sermon on the Mount. Christianity without Christ—that was about what it amounted to—and R. L. S. expatiated on it at great length, and with an air of intense earnestness.

To a young collegian, fresh from an austere and uncongenial Scottish household, where the playing-cards were hidden when the minister called, and Sunday was almost entirely spent in church, it was disconcerting to the last degree to find his home thus altered for the worse. My beloved Louis, one of the most fiery of men, whose very mien as he once raised a row about a corked bottle of wine had emptied half a restaurant—to see him thus reduced to a turning-the-other-cheek condition was nothing less than appalling. I wrestled with him as best I could, but ineffectually. Tolstoyism had always its mild but persistent answer, which, after all, was rather irrefutable : " Do nothing to increase the area of suffering, and in time all suffering will disappear."

R. L. S. was then steeped not only in Tolstoy, but in all modern Russian literature. Perhaps its sombre and hopeless tone suited his own sombre and hopeless life. One of the most dramatic of men, perhaps he here sought and discovered a striking rôle that he himself could fill, despite his ill-health and imprisoned existence. But be that as it may, a nightmarish plan began to take shape in his mind, and one so typically Russian that I think it must have sprung from this source. To explain it more fully I must digress a little. He had been much worked up over the lawless state of Ireland, which was then filling the English press with revolting stories of boycotts and oppressions—people starving in the midst of plenty, their money refused at every shop ; widows sitting beside dead husbands whom none would bury ; cattle hamstrung ; men struck down, women stripped and flogged ; a most dreadful persecution of those who dared rent farms from which the previous tenants had been evicted by the British Government.

R. L. S.'s plan, though nightmarish, was quite simple. We were all to go to Ireland, rent one of these farms, and be murdered in due course. As R. L. S. expressed it with an oratorical flourish : " The murder of a distinguished English literary man and his family, thus engaged in the assertion of human rights, will arrest the horror of the whole civilized world, and bring down its odium on these miscreants."

Such was the formula of practical Tolstoyism which, though it sounds incredibly absurd, R. L. S. had the most serious intention of carrying out. Indeed, he was in the deadliest earnest, and my mother scarcely less so, unbelievable as it then seemed to me. I suspect, nevertheless, that she would have thwarted the project had it ever matured into action ; looking back on it I remember she was much more calm than the circumstances warranted. But to all appearance I was the chief martyr in this Irish fantasy ; I who cared nothing about evicted farmers, nor " areas of suffering," nor figuring in a Russian romance ending in the death of a whole family of whom I was one. I wanted to learn to write ; to strike out a modest career of my own ; my head was full of boyish hopes and ambitions in which " dying to arrest the horror of the whole civilized world " was certainly not one. For me there was a shadow over that whole period. I knew that every day brought Ireland nearer.

Then R. L. S.'s father died suddenly, and we had all to go to Edinburgh to attend the funeral. I returned soon after, but my mother and R. L. S. remained several weeks. In the course of time two letters arrived, the first from my mother—such a heart-broken letter—saying that the doctors had ordered R. L. S. to leave England at once for Colorado as the only means of prolonging his life. England was ended for him ; he was never to set foot in it again. She wrote of her " little nest " and the unendurable wrench it would be to leave it. " Life had been too happy in Skerryvore—the envying gods had struck it down." It was all in this strain of anguish at abandoning her home for a future that loomed before her black indeed.

Expecting to find R. L. S.'s letter in a similar note of tragedy, I opened it—when it arrived a day or two later—with a sinking heart. But it was cheerful, almost jubilant; the prospect of Colorado or New Mexico seemed to fill him with joy. Were we not to live in the wilds with rifles on our walls and bearskins on our mud floors? Sombreros, ha, ha! Mustangs, silver spurs, spaciousness, picturesque freedom; "Scottie" of the something or other ranch! There was not a word about cosy nests, nor envying gods, nor eternal farewells to happiness. None whatever. "*Vive la vie sauvage.*" He was plainly glad to be off, and the sooner the better. When at last he did return to "Skerryvore," it was in the same spirit of elation.

One might have thought that this was the ideal moment to go to Ireland; why Colorado and an uncertain search for health when in three weeks the whole matter could be so easily and definitely settled by bullets in our backs? But the mad idea had dropped from his mind, never to be mentioned again. As for Tolstoyism, it simply vanished into thin air, and all the Russian novelists with it. R. L. S. had become his own fiery self again, and as chivalrous and impulsive as Alan Breck, with whom he had not a little in common. By nature there never was anyone less submissive, and he resumed his ordinary character with unmistakable pleasure.

I have often wondered since whether the Irish venture had not its origin in an unsuspected desire to leave "Skerryvore" at any price. Hopelessly imbedded there, locked in and double-locked, had he not seized on this as the one possible means of escape?

PREFATORY NOTE

By Mrs. R. L. Stevenson

WHEN my husband and I came to England from Hyères we had every intention of returning for the following winter. But it was evident that my father-in-law's health was rapidly failing, and that the departure of his beloved son from England would be a serious blow to him. So, not without trepidation, at least on my part, we resolved to remain indefinitely in Bournemouth. As a reward for my acquiescence in this plan, and, I imagine, in the hope of making our stay more certainly permanent, my father-in-law presented me with a charming little house that we named Skerryvore. The grounds were small, but laid out to the best advantage with lawn, flowers, kitchen-garden, and a bit of wild glen with a tiny stream at the bottom. In the stable that we never used, adjoining the house, was a large pigeon-cote covered with ivy.

On our first arrival in Bournemouth Mr. W. E. Henley came to stay with us for the purpose of writing plays with my husband, visiting us again when we were settled in Skerryvore. *Deacon Brodie* had already appeared in London with no more than a *succès d'estime ;* but Mr. Henley hoped the collaborators might profit by the experience they had thus gained, and produce something that the general public would accept.

In the room in Edinburgh occupied by my husband as a child, was a bookcase and a chest of drawers made by the notorious Deacon Brodie—the respectable artisan by day, a burglar at night. Cummy (Alison Cunningham), to whom my husband dedicated his *Child's Garden of Verses*, wove, with her vivid Scotch imagination, many romances about these prosaic articles of furniture to amuse her

nursling. Years afterwards my husband was deeply impressed by a paper he read in a French scientific journal on sub-consciousness. This article, combined with his memories of Deacon Brodie, gave the germ of the idea that afterwards developed into the play, was used again in the story of *Markheim*, and finally, in a hectic fever following a hemorrhage of the lungs, culminated in the dream of Jekyll and Hyde.

My husband had no particular liking for dramatic composition, though *Prince Otto* was first outlined as a play; but Mr. Henley possessed an extraordinary faculty of infecting others with his own enthusiasm. I even found myself unwittingly drawn into the whirlpool. I remember being promised a ruby bracelet, to be bought from the proceeds of the first performance, for a suggestion for *Admiral Guinea*. The plays were invented and written in the fervid, boisterous fashion of Mr. Henley, whose influence predominated, except in the actual literary form. A very thin, elastic scenario was first sketched out, which was afterwards greatly extended and elaborated in a series of paragraphs contributed alternately by each author. It was agreed between them that did one object to what the other had written, it should be stricken out without argument—a proceeding that I cannot but believe was damaging to the work of both. My husband's view of play-writing was to make a literary *tour de force*, built on the old conventions, Mr. Henley's to startle the public. It is possible that either, alone, might have been successful, but together they were too much at cross purposes. "That 'll make 'em jump, my boy!" Mr. Henley would shout, striking the table till the ink-bottle rattled. "No, Henley," my husband would protest wearily, "you're too violent. That must be toned down." But, according to the agreement, it had to be thrown out, and in the new attack something would be lost by both.

While Mr. Henley was staying in Skerryvore, several other of my husband's friends fell into the habit of spending a couple of hours with us almost every evening. There were Mr. Henry James, Mr. John Sargent, Mrs. de

Mattos, Mr. Sully, Mr. Walter Lemon, the Miss Taylors, Miss Ferrier, and Robert Alan Stevenson. These evenings of interesting, clever, and brilliant talk were amongst the pleasantest experiences of my husband's life; but when they were prohibited by the doctor as being too exciting, he returned, with a pathetic acquiescence, to the "land of counterpane," where he played on his penny whistle; and when that, in turn, was forbidden, worked out problems in chess that we found in a newspaper. Chess problems hardly proved a panacea for brain and nerves exhausted by the day's work in the almost overwhelming society of Mr. Henley. My husband had always been able to sleep at will. He would say, "Call me in half an hour," and, laying his head on the pillow, would instantly drop into a refreshing slumber. For the first time in his life his sleep now became restless and broken. "The Brownies" busied themselves during all hours of the night, tormenting him with phantom problems on the chess-board, or more often reviving some almost forgotten train of thought. During an enforced cessation from dramatic collaboration the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was thus inspired. My husband's cries of horror caused me to rouse him, much to his indignation. "I was dreaming a fine bogey tale," he said reproachfully, following with a rapid sketch of Jekyll and Hyde up to the transformation scene, where I had awakened him.

At daybreak he was working with feverish activity on the new book. In three days the first draft, containing thirty thousand words, was finished, only to be entirely destroyed and immediately re-written from another point of view,—that of the allegory, which was palpable and had yet been missed, probably from haste, and the compelling influence of the dream. In another three days the book, except for a few minor corrections, was ready for the press. The amount of work this involved was appalling. That an invalid in my husband's condition of health should have been able to perform the manual labour alone, of putting sixty thousand words on paper in six days, seems almost

incredible. He was suffering from continual hemorrhages, and was hardly allowed to speak, his conversation usually being carried on by means of a slate and pencil. Two persons were not allowed in his room at the same time, and when one was given that privilege by the doctor, the interview was limited to fifteen minutes' duration. It was my ungracious task to stand guard outside the door, watch in hand, ready to warn the visitor.

The success of *Jekyll and Hyde* was immediate and phenomenal, both in England and in America, where it was pirated broadcast. The story was used as a text by clergymen in churches, and appeared on the stage as a play in at least three different versions, the only really good dramatization being made by Mr. T. R. Sullivan, who sent his manuscript to my husband for corrections and suggestions. It is strange how the public incline to identify an author with the characters of his creation in one particular book. My husband's personal appearance has been described as a sort of grotesque cross between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. One reviewer said: "He looks as if he had been partially drowned and just dragged out of the water, his long hair still dank and clinging to his head." Even the artists who painted him tried, apparently, to force something spectral and strange into the portraits of the author of *Jekyll and Hyde*. No one, however, seems to have imagined him as Prince Otto, whom he truly did resemble to a degree.

Many peculiar letters were received by my husband, more particularly from spiritualists and theosophists, who fancied he must have had some supernatural guidance in his portrayal of the double life. In one letter, from a German countess, the writer asked if the story were really the result of a dream, assuring him that if this were the case he was in a very precarious position, as the forces of "white and black magic" were contending for his soul. The countess implored him to accept the truths of theosophy, otherwise the forces of black magic would obtain the mastery, when, as she assured him, "the consequences would be most disastrous."

F. V. DE G. S.

TO

KATHARINE DE MATTOS

It's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind;
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind.
Far away from home, O it's still for you and me
That the broom is blowing bonnie in the north countrie.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

STORY OF THE DOOR

MR. UTTERSON the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he

was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendships seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood, or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the week-days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point, a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a

blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

"Did you ever remark that door?" he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, "It is connected in my mind," added he, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"

"Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield: "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession, and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastwards at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child.

He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turned sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer, and signed

with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal; and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he; 'I will stay with you till the banks open, and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Black mail, I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I call that place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all," he added; and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

From this he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather suddenly: "And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?"

"A likely place, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other."

"And you never asked about—the place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson.

"No, sir: I had a delicacy," was the reply. "I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too

much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill ; and away the stone goes, starting others ; and presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden, and the family have to change their name. No, sir, I make it a rule of mine : the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask."

" A very good rule, too," said the lawyer.

" But I have studied the place for myself," continued Mr. Enfield. " It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one, but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor ; none below ; the windows are always shut, but they're clean. And then there is a chimney, which is generally smoking ; so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so sure ; for the buildings are so packed together about that court, that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins."

The pair walked on again for a while in silence ; and then—" Enfield," said Mr. Utterson, " that's a good rule of yours."

" Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield.

" But for all that," continued the lawyer, " there's one point I want to ask : I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child."

" Well," said Mr. Enfield, " I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde."

" H'm," said Mr. Utterson. " What sort of a man is he to see ? "

" He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance ; something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere ; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify the point. He's an extraordinary-looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir ; I can make no hand of it ; I can't describe

him. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment."

Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence, and obviously under a weight of consideration. "You are sure he used a key?" he inquired at last.

"My dear sir . . ." began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

"Yes, I know," said Utterson; "I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point, you had better correct it."

"I think you might have warned me," returned the other, with a touch of sullenness. "But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it not a week ago."

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply, but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. "Here is another lesson to say nothing," said he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

THAT evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits, and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph; for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde"; but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay, and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of

which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

"I thought it was madness," he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe; "and now I begin to fear it is disgrace."

With that he blew out his candle, put on a great coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. "If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon," he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room, where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and, what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

"I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

"I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now."

"Indeed!" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of common interest."

"We had," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though, of course, I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake,

as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, "would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

This little spirt of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They have only differed on some point of science," he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing) he even added: "It is nothing worse than that!" He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put.

"Did you ever come across a *protégé* of his—one Hyde?" he asked.

"Hyde?" repeated Lanyon. "No. Never heard of him. Since my time."

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination was also engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at

that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamp-lighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please), and even for the startling clauses of the will. And at least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

"If he be Mr. Hyde," he had thought, "I shall be Mr. Seek."

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side

of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post when he was aware of an odd, light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small, and very plainly dressed; and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination. But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket, like one approaching home.

Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. "Mr. Hyde, I think?"

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: "That is my name. What do you want?"

"I see you are going in," returned the lawyer. "I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's—Mr. Utterson, of Gaunt Street—you must have heard my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me."

"You will not find Dr. Jekyll; he is from home," replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, "How did you know me?" he asked.

"On your side," said Mr. Utterson, "will you do me a favour?"

"With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall it be?"

"Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate; and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. "Now I shall know you again," said Mr. Utterson. "It may be useful."

"Yes," returned Mr. Hyde, "it is as well we have met; and *à propos*, you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

"Good God!" thought Mr. Utterson, "can he too have been thinking of the will?" But he kept his feelings to himself, and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.

"And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

"We have common friends," said Mr. Utterson.

"Common friends!" echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely. "Who are they?"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

"He never told you," cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger. "I did not think you would have lied."

"Come," said Mr. Utterson, "that is not fitting language."

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two, and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish; he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice,—all these were points against him; but not all of these together could

explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There *is* something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend."

Round the corner from the by-street there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate, and let in flats and chambers to all sorts and conditions of men: map-engravers, architects, shady lawyers, and the agents of obscure enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied entire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now plunged in darkness except for the fan-light, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant opened the door.

"Is Dr. Jekyll at home, Poole?" asked the lawyer.

"I will see, Mr. Utterson," said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke, into a large, low-roofed, comfortable hall, paved with flags, warmed (after the fashion of a country house) by a bright, open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. "Will you wait here by the fire, sir? or shall I give you a light in the dining-room?"

"Here, thank you," said the lawyer; and he drew near and leaned on the tall fender. This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his friend the doctor's; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But to-night there was a shudder in his blood; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory; he felt (what was rare with him) a nausea and distaste of life; and in the gloom of his spirits, he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the firelight on the polished cabinets and the uneasy starting of the shadow on the roof.

He was ashamed of his relief, when Poole presently returned to announce that Dr. Jekyll was gone out.

"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting room door, Poole," he said. "Is that right, when Dr. Jekyll is from home?"

"Quite right, Mr. Utterson, sir," replied the servant. "Mr. Hyde has a key."

"Your master seems to repose a great deal of trust in that young man, Poole," resumed the other, musingly.

"Yes, sir, he do indeed," said Poole. "We have all orders to obey him."

"I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde?" asked Utterson.

"O dear no, sir. He never *dines* here," replied the butler. "Indeed, we see very little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory."

"Well, good-night, Poole."

"Good-night, Mr. Utterson."

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "my mind misgives me he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago, to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations. Ah, it must be that; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace; punishment coming, *pede claudo*, years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault." And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of memory, lest by chance some Jack-in-the-Box of an old iniquity should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless; few men could read the rolls of their life with less apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many that he had come so near to doing, yet avoided. And then, by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. "This Master Hyde, if he were studied," thought he, "must have secrets of his own: black secrets, by the look of him;

secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside; poor Harry, what a wakening! And the danger of it! for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ah, I must put my shoulder to the wheel—if Jekyll will but let me," he added, "if Jekyll will only let me." For once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as a transparency, the strange clauses of the will.

DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE

A FORTNIGHT later, by excellent good fortune, the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old cronies, all intelligent, reputable men, and all judges of good wine ; and Mr. Utterson so contrived that he remained behind after the others had departed. This was no new arrangement, but a thing that had befallen many scores of times. Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Hosts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when the light-hearted and the loose-tongued had already their foot on the threshold ; they liked to sit awhile in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence, after the expense and strain of gaiety. To this rule, Dr. Jekyll was no exception ; and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire—a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a slyish cast perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness—you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.

" I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll," began the latter. " You know that will of yours ? "

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful ; but the doctor carried it off gaily. " My poor Utterson," said he, " you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will ; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O, I know he's a good fellow—you needn't frown—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him ; but a hide-bound pedant for all that ; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

"You know I never approved of it," pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic.

"My will? Yes, certainly, I know that," said the doctor, a trifle sharply. "You have told me so."

"Well, I tell you so again," continued the lawyer. "I have been learning something of young Hyde."

The large handsome face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about his eyes. "I do not care to hear more," said he. "This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop."

"What I heard was abominable," said Utterson.

"It can make no change. You do not understand my position," returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency of manner. "I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange one—a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking."

"Jekyll," said Utterson, "you know me: I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this in confidence; and I make no doubt I can get you out of it."

"My good Utterson," said the doctor, "this is very good of you, this is downright good of you, and I cannot find words to thank you in. I believe you fully; I would trust you before any man alive, ay, before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn't what you fancy; it is not so bad as that; and just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde. I give you my hand upon that; and I thank you again and again; and I will just add one little word, Utterson, that I'm sure you'll take in good part: this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep."

Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

"I have no doubt you are perfectly right," he said at last, getting to his feet.

"Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope," continued the doctor, "there is one point I should like you to understand. I have really a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was

rude. But I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man ; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all ; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise."

" I can't pretend that I shall ever like him," said the lawyer.

" I don't ask that," pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon the other's arm ; " I only ask for justice ; I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer here."

Utterson heaved an irrepressible sigh. " Well," said he, " I promise."

THE CAREW MURDER CASE

NEARLY a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity, and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maid-servant living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given; for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an aged and beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognize in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master, and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his

hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds, and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot, and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purse and a gold watch were found upon the victim; but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr. Utterson.

This was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he had no sooner seen it, and been told the circumstances, than he shot out a solemn lip. "I shall say nothing till I have seen the body," said he; "this may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress." And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded.

"Yes," said he, "I recognize him. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew."

"Good God, sir," exclaimed the officer, "is it pos-

sible?" And the next moment his eye lighted up with professional ambition. "This will make a deal of noise," he said. "And perhaps you can help us to the man." And he briefly narrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick.

Mr. Utterson had already quailed at the name of Hyde; but when the stick was laid before him, he could doubt no longer: broken and battered as it was, he recognized it for one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll.

"Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?" he inquired.

"Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him," said the officer.

Mr. Utterson reflected; and then, raising his head, "If you will come with me in my cab," he said, "I think I can take you to his house."

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways, and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the

fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating-house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy; but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday.

"Very well, then, we wish to see his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen, of Scotland Yard."

A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman's face. "Ah!" said she, "he is in trouble! What has he done?"

Mr. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. "He don't seem a very popular character," observed the latter. "And now, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us."

In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet was filled with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed) from Henry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets were of many piles and agreeable in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having

been recently and hurriedly ransacked ; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out ; lockfast drawers stood open ; and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned. From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt-end of a green cheque book, which had resisted the action of the fire ; the other half of the stick was found behind the door ; and as this clinched his suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying to the murderer's credit, completed his gratification.

" You may depend upon it, sir," he told Mr. Utterson : " I have him in my hand. He must have lost his head, or he never would have left the stick or, above all, burned the cheque book. Why, money's life to the man. We have nothing to do but wait for him at the bank, and get out the handbills."

This last, however, was not so easy of accomplishment : for Mr. Hyde had numbered few familiars—even the master of the servant-maid had only seen him twice ; his family could nowhere be traced ; he had never been photographed ; and the few who could describe him differed widely, as common observers will. Only on one point were they agreed ; and that was the haunting sense of unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed his beholders.

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

IT was late in the afternoon, when Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door, where he was at once admitted by Poole, and carried down by the kitchen offices and across a yard which had once been a garden, to the building which was indifferently known as the laboratory or the dissecting rooms. The doctor had bought the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon; and his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical, had changed the destination of the block at the bottom of the garden. It was the first time that the lawyer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters; and he eyed the dingy windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager students and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus, the floor strewn with crates and littered with packing straw, and the light falling dimly through the foggy cupola. At the farther end, a flight of stairs mounted to a door covered with red baize; and through this, Mr. Utterson was at last received into the doctor's cabinet. It was a large room, fitted round with glass presses, furnished, among other things, with a cheval-glass and a business table, and looking out upon the court by three dusty windows barred with iron. The fire burned in the grate; a lamp was set lighted on the chimney shelf, for even in the houses the fog began to lie thickly; and there, close up to the warmth, sat Dr. Jekyll, looking deadly sick. He did not rise to meet his visitor, but held out a cold hand, and bade him welcome in a changed voice.

"And now," said Mr. Utterson, as soon as Poole had left them, "you have heard the news?"

The doctor shuddered. "They were crying it in the square," he said. "I heard them in my dining-room."

"One word," said the lawyer. "Carew was my client, but so are you; and I want to know what I am doing. You have not been mad enough to hide this fellow?"

"Utterson, I swear to God," cried the doctor, "I swear to God I will never set eyes on him again. I bind my honour to you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end. And indeed he does not want my help; you do not know him as I do; he is safe, he is quite safe; mark my words, he will never more be heard of."

The lawyer listened gloomily: he did not like his friend's feverish manner. "You seem pretty sure of him," said he; "and for your sake, I hope you may be right. If it came to a trial, your name might appear."

"I am quite sure of him," replied Jekyll; "I have grounds for certainty that I cannot share with any one. But there is one thing on which you may advise me. I have—I have received a letter; and I am at a loss whether I should show it to the police. I should like to leave it in your hands, Utterson; you would judge wisely, I am sure; I have so great a trust in you."

"You fear, I suppose, that it might lead to his detection?" asked the lawyer.

"No," said the other. "I cannot say that I care what becomes of Hyde; I am quite done with him. I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather exposed."

Utterson ruminated awhile; he was surprised at his friend's selfishness, and yet relieved by it. "Well," said he, at last, "let me see the letter."

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand, and signed "Edward Hyde": and it signified, briefly enough, that the writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom he had long so unworthily repaid for a thousand generosities, need labour under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence. The lawyer liked this letter well enough: it put a better colour

on the intimacy than he had looked for; and he blamed himself for some of his past suspicions.

"Have you the envelope?" he asked.

"I burned it," replied Jekyll, "before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in."

"Shall I keep this and sleep upon it?" asked Utterson.

"I wish you to judge for me entirely," was the reply. "I have lost confidence in myself."

"Well, I shall consider," returned the lawyer. "And now one word more: it was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about that disappearance?"

The doctor seemed seized with a qualm of faintness; he shut his mouth tight and nodded.

"I knew it," said Utterson. "He meant to murder you. You have had a fine escape."

"I have had what is far more to the purpose," returned the doctor solemnly: "I have had a lesson—O God, Utterson, what a lesson I have had!" And he covered his face for a moment with his hands.

On his way out, the lawyer stopped and had a word or two with Poole. "By the by," said he, "there was a letter handed in to-day: what was the messenger like?" But Poole was positive nothing had come except by post; "and only circulars by that," he added.

This news sent off the visitor with his fears renewed. Plainly the letter had come by the laboratory door; possibly, indeed, it had been written in the cabinet; and, if that were so, it must be differently judged, and handled with the more caution. The news-boys, as he went, were crying themselves hoarse along the footways: "Special edition. Shocking murder of an M P." That was the funeral oration of one friend and client; and he could not help a certain apprehension lest the good name of another should be sucked down in the eddy of the scandal. It was, at least, a ticklish decision that he had to make; and, self-reliant as he was by habit, he began to cherish a longing for advice. It was not to be had directly; but perhaps, he thought, it might be fished for.

Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr. Guest, his head clerk, upon the other, and midway between, at a nicely calculated distance from the fire, a bottle of a particular old wine that had long dwelt unsunned in the foundations of his house. The fog still slept on the wing above the drowned city, where the lamps glimmered like carbuncles; and through the muffle and smother of these fallen clouds, the procession of the town's life was still rolling in through the great arteries with a sound as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with firelight. In the bottle the acids were long ago resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time, as the colour grows richer in stained windows; and the glow of hot autumn afternoons on hillside vineyards was ready to be set free and to disperse the fogs of London. Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest; and he was not always sure that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the doctor's; he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr. Hyde's familiarity about the house; he might draw conclusions: was it not as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to rights? and, above all, since Guest, being a great student and critic of handwriting, would consider the step natural and obliging? The clerk, besides, was a man of counsel; he would scarce read so strange a document without dropping a remark; and by that remark Mr. Utterson might shape his future course.

"This is a sad business about Sir Danvers," he said.

"Yes, sir, indeed. It has elicited a great deal of public feeling," returned Guest. "The man, of course, was mad."

"I should like to hear your views on that," replied Utterson. "I have a document here in his handwriting; it is between ourselves, for I scarce know what to do about it; it is an ugly business at the best. But there it is; quite in your way: a murderer's autograph."

Guest's eyes brightened, and he sat down at once and

studied it with passion. "No, sir," he said; "not mad; but it is an odd hand."

"And by all accounts a very odd writer," added the lawyer.

Just then the servant entered with a note.

"Is that from Dr. Jekyll, sir?" inquired the clerk. "I thought I knew the writing. Anything private, Mr. Utterson?"

"Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?"

"One moment. I thank you, sir;" and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. "Thank you, sir," he said at last, returning both; "it's a very interesting autograph."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Utterson struggled with himself. "Why did you compare them, Guest?" he inquired suddenly.

"Well, sir," returned the clerk, "there's a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical: only differently sloped."

"Rather quaint," said Utterson.

"It is, as you say, rather quaint," returned Guest.

"I wouldn't speak of this note, you know," said the master.

"No, sir," said the clerk. "I understand."

But no sooner was Mr. Utterson alone that night, than he locked the note into his safe, where it reposed from that time forward. "What!" he thought. "Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!" And his blood ran cold in his veins.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON

TIME ran on; thousands of pounds were offered in reward, for the death of Sir Danvers was resented as a public injury; but Mr. Hyde had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though he had never existed. Much of his past was unearthed, indeed, and all disreputable: tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent, of his vile life, of his strange associates, of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded his career; but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time he had left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out; and gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of his alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. The death of Sir Danvers was, to his way of thinking, more than paid for by the disappearance of Mr. Hyde. Now that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. He came out of his seclusion, renewed relations with his friends, became once more their familiar guest and entertainer; and whilst he had always been known for charities, he was now no less distinguished for religion. He was busy, he was much in the open air, he did good; his face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service; and for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

On the 8th of January Utterson had dined at the doctor's with a small party; Lanyon had been there; and the face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days when the trio were inseparable friends. On the 12th, and again on the 14th, the door was shut against the lawyer. "The doctor was confined to the house," Poole said, "and saw no one." On the 15th he tried again, and was again refused; and having now been used for the last two months to see his friend almost daily, he found

this return of solitude to weigh upon his spirits. The fifth night, he had in Guest to dine with him; and the sixth, he betook himself to Dr. Lanyon's.

There at least he was not denied admittance; but when he came in, he was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face. The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's notice, as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind. It was unlikely that the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. "Yes," he thought; "he is a doctor, he must know his own state and that his days are counted; and the knowledge is more than he can bear." And yet when Utterson remarked on his ill looks, it was with an air of great firmness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed man.

"I have had a shock," he said, "and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, sir, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away."

"Jekyll is ill, too," observed Utterson. "Have you seen him?"

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. "I wish to see or hear no more of Dr. Jekyll," he said, in a loud, unsteady voice. "I am quite done with that person; and I beg that you will spare me any allusion to one whom I regard as dead."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Utterson; and then, after a considerable pause, "Can't I do anything?" he inquired. "We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others."

"Nothing can be done," returned Lanyon; "ask himself."

"He will not see me," said the lawyer.

"I am not surprised at that," was the reply. "Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to

learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God's sake, stay and do so ; but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then, in God's name, go, for I cannot bear it."

As soon as he got home, Utterson sat down and wrote to Jekyll, complaining of his exclusion from the house, and asking the cause of this unhappy break with Lanyon ; and the next day brought him a long answer, often very pathetically worded, and sometimes darkly mysterious in drift. The quarrel with Lanyon was incurable. " I do not blame our old friend," Jekyll wrote, " but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean from henceforth to lead a life of extreme seclusion ; you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt my friendship, if my door is often shut even to you. You must suffer me to go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger that I cannot name. If I am the chief of sinners, I am the chief of sufferers also. I could not think that this earth contained a place for sufferings and terrors so unmanning ; and you can do but one thing, Utterson, to lighten this destiny, and that is to respect my silence." Utterson was amazed ; the dark influence of Hyde had been withdrawn, the doctor had returned to his old tasks and amities ; a week ago, the prospect had smiled with every promise of a cheerful and an honoured age ; and now in a moment, friendship and peace of mind and the whole tenor of his life were wrecked. So great and unprepared a change pointed to madness ; but in view of Lanyon's manner and words, there must lie for it some deeper ground.

A week afterwards Dr. Lanyon took to his bed, and in something less than a fortnight he was dead. The night after the funeral, at which he had been sadly affected, Utterson locked the door of his business room, and sitting there by the light of a melancholy candle, drew out and set before him an envelope addressed by the hand and sealed with the seal of his dead friend. " PRIVATE : for the hands of G. J. Utterson ALONE, and in case of his pre-

decease *to be destroyed unread*," so it was emphatically superscribed ; and the lawyer dreaded to behold the contents. " I have buried one friend to-day," he thought : " what if this should cost me another ? " And then he condemned the fear as a disloyalty, and broke the seal. Within there was another enclosure, likewise sealed, and marked upon the cover as " not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." Utterson could not trust his eyes. Yes, it was disappearance ; here again, as in the mad will, which he had long ago restored to its author, here again were the idea of a disappearance and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed. But in the will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestion of the man Hyde ; it was set there with a purpose all too plain and horrible. Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean ? A great curiosity came to the trustee, to disregard the prohibition, and dive at once to the bottom of these mysteries ; but professional honour and faith to his dead friend were stringent obligations ; and the packet slept in the inmost corner of his private safe.

It is one thing to mortify curiosity, another to conquer it ; and it may be doubted if, from that day forth, Utterson desired the society of his surviving friend with the same eagerness. He thought of him kindly ; but his thoughts were disquieted and fearful. He went to call, indeed ; but he was perhaps relieved to be denied admittance ; perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole upon the doorstep, and surrounded by the air and sounds of the open city, rather than to be admitted into that house of voluntary bondage, and to sit and speak with its inscrutable recluse. Poole had, indeed, no very pleasant news to communicate. The doctor, it appeared, now more than ever confined himself to the cabinet over the laboratory, where he would sometimes even sleep ; he was out of spirits, he had grown very silent, he did not read ; it seemed as if he had something on his mind. Utterson become so used to the unvarying character of these reports, that he fell off little by little in the frequency of his visits.

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

IT chanced on Sunday, when Mr. Utterson was on his usual walk with Mr. Enfield, that their way lay once again through the by-street; and that when they came in front of the door, both stopped to gaze on it.

"Well," said Enfield, "that story's at an end, at least. We shall never see more of Mr. Hyde."

"I hope not," said Utterson. "Did I ever tell you that I once saw him, and shared your feeling of repulsion?"

"It was impossible to do the one without the other," returned Enfield. "And, by the way, what an ass you must have thought me, not to know that this was a back way to Dr. Jekyll's! It was partly your own fault that I found it out, even when I did."

"So you found it out, did you?" said Utterson. "But if that be so, we may step into the court and take a look at the windows. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about poor Jekyll; and even outside, I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good."

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was half way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

"What! Jekyll!" he cried. "I trust you are better."

"I am very low, Utterson," replied the doctor drearily; "very low. It will not last long, thank God."

"You stay too much indoors," said the lawyer. "You should be out, whipping up the circulation, like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is my cousin—Mr. Enfield—Dr.

Jekyll.) Come now; get your hat, and take a quick turn with us."

"You are very good," sighed the other. "I should like to very much; but no, no, no; it is quite impossible; I dare not. But indeed, Utterson, I am very glad to see you; this is really a great pleasure. I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up, but the place is really not fit."

"Why then," said the lawyer, good-naturedly, "the best thing we can do is to stay down here, and speak with you from where we are."

"That is just what I was about to venture to propose," returned the doctor, with a smile. But the words were hardly uttered, before the smile was struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of such abject terror and despair, as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below. They saw it but for a glimpse, for the window was instantly thrust down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word. In silence, too, they traversed the by-street; and it was not until they had come into a neighbouring thoroughfare, where even upon a Sunday there were still some stirrings of life, that Mr. Utterson at last turned and looked at his companion. They were both pale; and there was an answering horror in their eyes.

"God forgive us! God forgive us!" said Mr. Utterson.

But Mr. Enfield only nodded his head very seriously, and walked on once more in silence.

THE LAST NIGHT

MR. UTTERSON was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

"Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?" he cried; and then, taking a second look at him, "What ails you?" he added; "is the doctor ill?"

"Mr. Utterson," said the man, "there is something wrong."

"Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you," said the lawyer. "Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want."

"You know the doctor's ways, sir," replied Poole, "and how he shuts himself up. Well, he's shut up again in the cabinet; and I don't like it, sir—I wish I may die if I like it. Mr. Utterson, sir, I'm afraid."

"Now, my good man," said the lawyer, "be explicit. What are you afraid of?"

"I've been afraid for about a week," returned Poole, doggedly disregarding the question; "and I can bear it no more."

The man's appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now, he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. "I can bear it no more," he repeated.

"Come," said the lawyer, "I see you have some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is."

"I think there's been foul play," said Poole, hoarsely.

" Foul play ! " cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened, and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. " What foul play ? What does the man mean ? "

" I daren't say, sir," was the answer ; " but will you come along with me and see for yourself ? "

Mr. Utterson's only answer was to rise and get his hat and great coat ; but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler's face, and perhaps with no less, that the wine was still untasted when he set it down to follow.

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and a flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides ; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise ; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures ; for, struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was all full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish ; for his face was white, and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

" Well, sir," he said, " here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong."

" Amen, Poole," said the lawyer.

Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner ; the door was opened on the chain ; and a voice asked from within, " Is that you, Poole ? "

" It's all right," said Poole. " Open the door."

The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth the whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering; and the cook, crying out, "Bless God! it's Mr. Utterson," ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

"What, what? Are you all here?" said the lawyer, peevishly. "Very irregular, very unseemly; your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted up her voice, and now wept loudly.

"Hold your tongue!" Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned towards the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. "And now," continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, "reach me a candle, and we'll get this through hands at once." And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back garden.

"Now, sir," said he, "you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don't want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don't go."

Mr. Utterson's nerves, at this unlooked-for termination, gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he re-collected his courage, and followed the butler into the laboratory building and through the surgical theatre, with its lumber of crates and bottles, to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen; while he himself, setting down the candle and making a great and obvious call on his resolution, mounted the steps, and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand on the red baize of the cabinet door.

"Mr. Utterson, sir, asking to see you," he called; and even as he did so, once more violently signed to the lawyer to give ear.

A voice answered from within: "Tell him I cannot see anyone," it said, complainingly.

"Thank you, sir," said Poole, with a note of something like triumph in his voice; and taking up his candle, he led Mr. Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

"Sir," he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, "was that my master's voice?"

"It seems much changed," replied the lawyer, very pale, but giving look for look.

"Changed? Well, yes, I think so," said the butler. "Have I been twenty years in this man's house, to be deceived about his voice? No, sir; master's made away with; he was made away with eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God; and *who's* in there instead of him, and *why* it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Utterson!"

"This is a very strange tale, Poole; this is rather a wild tale, my man," said Mr. Utterson, biting his finger. "Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr. Jekyll to have been—well, murdered, what could induce the murderer to stay? That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason."

"Well, Mr. Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I'll do it yet," said Poole. "All this last week (you must know) him, or it, or whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine and cannot get it to his mind. It was sometimes his way—the master's, that is—to write his orders on a sheet of paper and throw it on the stair. We've had nothing else this week back; nothing but papers, and a closed door, and the very meals left there to be smuggled in when nobody was looking. Well, sir, every day, ay, and twice and thrice in the same day, there have been orders and complaints, and I have been sent flying to all the wholesale chemists in town. Every time I brought the stuff back, there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to a

different firm. This drug is wanted bitter bad, sir, whatever for."

"Have you any of these papers?" asked Mr. Utterson.

Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its contents ran thus: "Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to search with the most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality be left, to forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr. J. can hardly be exaggerated." So far the letter had run composedly enough; but here, with a sudden splutter of the pen, the writer's emotion had broken loose. "For God's sake," he had added, "find me some of the old."

"This is a strange note," said Mr. Utterson; and then sharply, "How do you come to have it open?"

"The man at Maw's was main angry, sir, and he threw it back to me like so much dirt," returned Poole.

"This is unquestionably the doctor's hand, do you know?" resumed the lawyer.

"I thought it looked like it," said the servant, rather sulkily; and then, with another voice, "But what matters hand of write?" he said. "I've seen him!"

"Seen him?" repeated Mr. Utterson. "Well?"

"That's it!" said Poole. "It was this way. I came suddenly into the theatre from the garden. It seems he had slipped out to look for this drug, or whatever it is; for the cabinet door was open, and there he was at the far end of the room, digging among the crates. He looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped upstairs into the cabinet. It was but for one minute that I saw him, but the hair stood upon my head like quills. Sir, if that was my master, why had he a mask upon his face? If it was my master, why did he cry out like a rat, and run from me? I have served him long enough. And then . . ." the man paused. and passed his hand over his face.

"These are all very strange circumstances," said Mr. Utterson, "but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those maladies that both torture and deform the sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of his voice; hence the mask and his avoidance of his friends; hence his eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recovery—God grant that he be not deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to consider; but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delivers us from all exorbitant alarms."

"Sir," said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled pallor, "that thing was not my master, and there's the truth. My master"—here he looked round him, and began to whisper—"is a tall fine build of a man, and this was more of a dwarf." Utterson attempted to protest. "O, sir," cried Poole, "do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life? No, sir, that thing in the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done."

"Poole," replied the lawyer, "if you say that, it will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master's feelings, much as I am puzzled by this note, which seems to prove him to be still alive, I shall consider it my duty to break in that door."

"Ah, Mr. Utterson, that's talking!" cried the butler.

"And now comes the second question," resumed Utterson: "Who is going to do it?"

"Why, you and me, sir," was the undaunted reply.

"That is very well said," returned the lawyer; "and whatever comes of it, I shall make it my business to see you are no loser."

"There is an axe in the theatre," continued Poole; "and you might take the kitchen poker for yourself."

The lawyer took that rude but weighty instrument into

his hand, and balanced it. "Do you know, Poole," he said, looking up, "that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?"

"You may say so, sir, indeed," returned the butler.

"It is well, then, that we should be frank," said the other. "We both think more than we have said; let us make a clean breast. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognize it?"

"Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could hardly swear to that," was the answer. "But if you mean, was it Mr. Hyde?—why, yes, I think it was! You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick light way with it; and then who else could have got in by the laboratory door? You have not forgot, sir, that at the time of the murder he had still the key with him? But that's not all. I don't know, Mr. Utterson, if ever you met this Mr. Hyde?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I once spoke with him."

"Then you must know, as well as the rest of us, that there was something queer about that gentleman—something that gave a man a turn—I don't know rightly how to say it, sir, beyond this: that you felt it in your marrow—kind of cold and thin."

"I own I felt something of what you describe," said Mr. Utterson.

"Quite so, sir," returned Poole. "Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice. O, I know it's not evidence, Mr. Utterson; I'm book-learned enough for that; but a man has his feelings; and I give you my Bible-word it was Mr. Hyde!"

"Ay, ay," said the lawyer. "My fears incline to the same point. Evil, I fear, founded—evil was sure to come—of that connection. Ay, truly, I believe you; I believe poor Harry is killed; and I believe his murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in his victim's room. Well, let our name be vengeance. Call Bradshaw."

The footman came at the summons, very white and nervous.

"Pull yourself together, Bradshaw," said the lawyer. "This suspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is now our intention to make an end of it. Poole, here and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If all is well, my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame. Meanwhile, lest anything should really be amiss, or any malefactor seek to escape by the back, you and the boy must go round the corner with a pair of good sticks, and take your post at the laboratory door. We give you ten minutes to get to your stations."

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. "And now, Poole, let us get to ours," he said; and taking the poker under his arm, he led the way into the yard. The scud had banked over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sound of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

"So it will walk all day, sir," whispered Poole; "ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there's a bit of a break. Ah, it's an ill conscience that's such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there's blood foully shed in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor's foot?"

The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed from the heavy creaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. "Is there never anything else?" he asked.

Poole nodded. "Once," he said. "Once I heard it weeping!"

"Weeping? how that?" said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill of horror.

"Weeping like a woman or a lost soul," said the butler.

" I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too."

But now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw ; the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack ; and they drew near with bated breath to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down, in the quiet of the night.

" Jekyll," cried Utterson, with a loud voice, " I demand to see you." He paused a moment, but there came no reply. " I give you fair warning, our suspicions are aroused, and I must and shall see you," he resumed ; " if not by fair means, then by foul—if not of your consent, then by brute force ! "

" Utterson," said the voice, " for God's sake, have mercy ! "

" Ah, that's not Jekyll's voice—it's Hyde's ! " cried Utterson. " Down with the door, Poole ! "

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder ; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet. Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded ; four times the blow fell ; but the wood was tough and the fittings were of excellent workmanship ; and it was not until the fifth, that the lock burst in sunder, and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stillness that had succeeded, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea : the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most commonplace that night in London.

Right in the midst there lay the body of a man sorely contorted and still twitching. They drew near on tiptoe, turned it on his back, and beheld the face of Edward Hyde.

He was dressed in clothes far too large for him, clothes of the doctor's bigness ; the cords of his face still moved with a semblance of life, but life was quite gone ; and by the crushed phial in the hand and the strong smell of kernels that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that he was looking on the body of a self-destroyer.

" We have come too late," he said sternly, " whether to save or punish. Hyde is gone to his account ; and it only remains for us to find the body of your master."

The far greater proportion of the building was occupied by the theatre, which filled almost the whole ground storey, and was lighted from above, and by the cabinet, which formed an upper storey at one end and looked upon the court. A corridor joined the theatre to the door on the by-street ; and with this, the cabinet communicated separately by a second flight of stairs. There were besides a few dark closets and a spacious cellar. All these they now thoroughly examined. Each closet needed but a glance, for all were empty, and all, by the dust that fell from their doors, had stood long unopened. The cellar, indeed, was filled with crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor ; but even as they opened the door, they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fall of a perfect mat of cobweb which had for years sealed up the entrance. Nowhere was there any trace of Henry Jekyll, dead or alive.

Poole stamped on the flags of the corridor. " He must be buried here," he said, hearkening to the sound.

" Or he may have fled," said Utterson, and he turned to examine the door in the by-street. It was locked ; and lying near by on the flags, they found the key, already stained with rust.

" This does not look like use," observed the lawyer.

" Use ! " echoed Poole. " Do you not see, sir, it is broken ? much as if a man had stamped on it."

" Ah," continued Utterson, " and the fractures, too, are rusty." The two men looked at each other with a scare. " This is beyond me, Poole," said the lawyer. " Let us go back to the cabinet."

They mounted the stair in silence, and still, with an occasional awestruck glance at the dead body, proceeded more thoroughly to examine the contents of the cabinet. At one table there were traces of chemical work, various measured heaps of some white salt being laid on glass saucers, as though for an experiment in which the unhappy man had been prevented.

"That is the same drug that I was always bringing him," said Poole; and even as he spoke, the kettle with a startling noise boiled over.

This brought them to the fireside, where the easy chair was drawn cosily up, and the tea things stood ready to the sitter's elbow, the very sugar in the cup. There were several books on a shelf; one lay beside the tea things open, and Utterson was amazed to find a copy of a pious work, for which Jekyll had several times expressed a great esteem, annotated, in his own hand, with startling blasphemies.

Next, in the course of their review of the chamber, the searchers came to the cheval-glass, into whose depth they looked with an involuntary horror. But it was so turned as to show them nothing but the rosy glow playing on the roof, the fire sparkling in a hundred repetitions along the glazed front of the presses, and their own pale and fearful countenances stooping to look in.

"This glass has seen some strange things, sir," whispered Poole.

"And surely none stranger than itself," echoed the lawyer, in the same tone. "For what did Jekyll"—he caught himself up at the word with a start, and then conquering the weakness: "what could Jekyll want with it?" he said.

"You may say that!" said Poole.

Next they turned to the business table. On the desk among the neat array of papers, a large envelope was uppermost, and bore, in the doctor's hand, the name of Mr. Utterson. The lawyer unsealed it, and several enclosures fell to the floor. The first was a will, drawn in the same eccentric terms as the one which he had returned

six months before, to serve as a testament in case of death and as a deed of gift in case of disappearance; but in place of the name of Edward Hyde, the lawyer, with indescribable amazement, read the name of Gabriel John Utterson. He looked at Poole, and then back at the papers, and last of all at the dead malefactor stretched upon the carpet.

"My head goes round," he said. "He has been all these days in possession; he had no cause to like me; he must have raged to see himself displaced; and he has not destroyed this document."

He caught the next paper; it was a brief note in the doctor's hand, and dated at the top. "O Poole!" the lawyer cried, "he was alive and here this day. He cannot have been disposed of in so short a space; he must be still alive, he must have fled! And then, why fled? and how? and in that case can we venture to declare this suicide? O, we must be careful. I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe."

"Why don't you read it, sir?" asked Poole.

"Because I fear," replied the lawyer, solemnly. "God grant I have no cause for it!" And with that he brought the paper to his eyes, and read as follows:—

"My dear Utterson,—When this shall fall into your hands, I shall have disappeared, under what circumstances I have not the penetration to foresee; but my instincts and all the circumstances of my nameless situation tell me that the end is sure and must be early. Go then, and first read the narrative which Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands; and if you care to hear more, turn to the confession of

"Your unworthy and unhappy friend,

"HENRY JEKYLL."

"There was a third enclosure?" asked Utterson.

"Here, sir," said Poole, and gave into his hands a considerable packet sealed in several places.

The lawyer put it in his pocket. "I would say nothing of this paper. If your master has fled or is dead, we may at least save his credit. It is now ten; I must go home and read these documents in quiet; but I shall be back before midnight, when we shall send for the police."

They went out, locking the door of the theatre behind them; and Utterson, once more leaving the servants gathered about the fire in the hall, trudged back to his office to read the two narratives in which this mystery was now to be explained.

DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE

ON the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague and old school-companion, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this; for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence; I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before; and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify the formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:—

"10*th December*, 18—

"Dear Lanyon,—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, 'Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you,' I would not have sacrificed my fortune or my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night, I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself.

"I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and, with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced; and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking

the lock if it be shut ; and to draw out, *with all its contents as they stand*, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you ; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents : some powders, a phial, and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

" That is the first part of the service : now for the second. You should be back, if you set out at once on the receipt of this, long before midnight ; but I will leave you that amount of margin, not only in the fear of one of those obstacles that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, but because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet. Then you will have played your part, and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you will have understood that these arrangements are of capital importance ; and that by the neglect of one of them, fantastic as they must appear, you might have charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason.

" Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, labouring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save

" Your friend,

" H. J.

" P.S.—I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post office

may fail me, and this letter not come into your hands until to-morrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll."

Upon the reading of this letter, I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. The less I understood of this farrago, the less I was in a position to judge of its importance; and an appeal so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got into a hansom, and drove straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter. The tradesmen came while we were yet speaking; and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman's surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll's private cabinet is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble, and have to do much damage, if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near despair. But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hours' work, the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked; and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispensing chemist; so that it was plain they were of Jekyll's private manufacture; and when I opened one of the wrappers, I found what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white colour. The phial, to which I next turned my attention, might have been about half full of a blood-red liquor, which was highly pungent to the sense of smell, and seemed to me to contain phosphorus

and some volatile ether. At the other ingredients I could make no guess. The book was an ordinary version book, and contained little but a series of dates. These covered a period of many years; but I observed that the entries ceased nearly a year ago, and quite abruptly. Here and there a brief remark was appended to a date, usually no more than a single word: "double" occurring perhaps six times in a total of several hundred entries; and once very early in the list, and followed by several marks of exclamation, "total failure!!!" All this, though it whetted my curiosity, told me little that was definite. Here were a phial of some tincture, a paper of some salt, and the record of a series of experiments that had led (like too many of Jekyll's investigations) to no end of practical usefulness. How could the presence of these articles in my house affect either the honour, the sanity, or the life of my flighty colleague? If his messenger could go to one place, why could he not go to another? And even granting some impediment, why was this gentleman to be received by me in secret? The more I reflected, the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of cerebral disease; and though I dismissed my servants to bed, I loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some posture of self-defence.

Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons, and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.

"Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

He told me "yes" by a constrained gesture; and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's-eye open; and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never

set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said ; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and—last but not least—with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighbourhood. This bore some resemblance to incipient rigor, and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse. At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms ; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of man, and to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred.

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable ; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement —the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it ; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

" Have you got it ? " he cried. " Have you got it ? " And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. " Come, sir," said I. " You forget

that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please." And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my pre-occupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied, civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood . . ." he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—"I understood, a drawer . . ."

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table, and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

"Compose yourself," said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and, as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" he asked.

I rose from my place with something of an effort, and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of

vapour. Suddenly, and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased, and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand, and to go forth from your house without further parley? or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan."

"Sir," said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, "you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "Lanyon, you remember your vows: what follows is under the seal of our profession. And now, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views, you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you who have derided your superiors—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips, and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black, and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against

the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

"O God!" I screamed, and "O God!" again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

What he told me in the next hour I cannot bring my mind to set on paper. I saw what I saw, I heard what I heard, and my soul sickened at it; and yet, now when that sight has faded from my eyes, I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer. My life is shaken to its roots; sleep has left me; the deadliest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night; I feel that my days are numbered, and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous. As for the moral turpitude that man unveiled to me, even with tears of penitence, I cannot, even in memory, dwell on it without a start of horror. I will say but one thing, Utterson, and that (if you can bring your mind to credit it) will be more than enough. The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll's own confession, known by the name of Hyde and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.

HASTIE LANYON.

HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE

I WAS born in the year 18— to a large fortune, endowed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellow-men, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed, the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as has made the happiness of many, but such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high, and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasures; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me, and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life. Many a man would have even blazoned such irregularities as I was guilty of; but from the high views that I had set before me, I regarded and hid them with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus rather the exacting nature of my aspirations, than any particular degradation in my faults, that made me what I was, and, with even a deeper trench than in the majority of men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion, and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge

or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members. With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens. I, for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction, and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognize the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved daydream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could but be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous faggots were thus bound together—that in the agonized womb of consciousness, these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How, then, were they dissociated?

I was so far in my reflections, when, as I have said, a side light began to shine upon the subject from the labora-

tory table. I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, the trembling immateriality, the mist-like transience, of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired. Certain agents I found to have the power to shake and to pluck back that fleshly vestment, even as a wind might toss the curtains of a pavilion. For two good reasons, I will not enter deeply into this scientific branch of my confession. First, because I have been made to learn that the doom and burthen of our life is bound for ever on man's shoulders ; and when the attempt is made to cast it off, it but returns upon us with more unfamiliar and more awful pressure. Second, because, as my narrative will make, alas ! too evident, my discoveries were incomplete. Enough, then, that I not only recognized my natural body from the mere aura and effulgence of certain of the powers that made up my spirit, but managed to compound a drug by which these powers should be dethroned from their supremacy, and a second form and countenance substituted, none the less natural to me because they were the expression, and bore the stamp, of lower elements in my soul.

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I risked death ; for any drug that so potently controlled and shook the very fortress of identity, might by the least scruple of an overdose or at the least inopportunity in the moment of exhibition, utterly blot out that immaterial tabernacle which I looked to it to change. But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound, at last overcame the suggestions of alarm. I had long since prepared my tincture ; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt, which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required ; and, late one accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs succeeded : a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot

be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new, and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a mill race in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write was brought there later on, and for the very purpose of those transformations. The night, however, was far gone into the morning—the morning, black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day—the inmates of my house were locked in the most rigorous hours of slumber; and I determined, flushed as I was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as to my bedroom. I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations looked down upon me, I could have thought, with wonder, the first creature of that sort that their unsleeping vigilance had yet disclosed to them; I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine-tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so

much smaller, slighter, and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone, in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine: and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature, and the face of Henry Jekyll.

That night I had come to the fatal cross roads. Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies of death and birth I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prison-house of my disposition; and, like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth. At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that was projected was Edward Hyde.

Hence, although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll, that incongruous compound of whose reformation and improvement I had already learned to despair. The movement was thus wholly toward the worse.

Even at that time, I had not yet conquered my aversion to the dryness of a life of study. I would still be merrily disposed at times; and as my pleasures were (to say the least) undignified, and I was not only well known and highly considered, but growing towards the elderly man, this incoherency of my life was daily growing more unwelcome. It was on this side that my new power tempted me until I fell in slavery. I had but to drink the cup, to doff at once the body of the noted professor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde. I smiled at the notion; it seemed to me at the time to be humorous; and I made my preparations with the most studious care. I took and furnished that house in Soho, to which Hyde was tracked by the police; and engaged as housekeeper a creature whom I well knew to be silent and unscrupulous. On the other side, I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have full liberty and power about my house in the square; and, to parry mishaps, I even called and made myself a familiar object, in my second character. I next drew up that will to which you so much objected; so that if anything befell me in the person of Dr. Jekyll, I could enter on that of Edward Hyde without pecuniary loss. And thus fortified, as I supposed, on every side, I began to profit by the strange immunities of my position.

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could thus plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. But for me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safety was complete. Think of it—I did not even exist

Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and, whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his stead, quietly at home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn towards the monstrous. When I would come back from these excursions, I was often plunged into a kind of wonder at my vicarious depravity. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centred on self; drinking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

Into the details of the infamy at which I thus connived (for even now I can scarce grant that I committed it) I have no design of entering; I mean but to point out the warnings and the successive steps with which my chastisement approached. I met with one accident which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more than mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passer-by, whom I recognized the other day in the person of your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to pacify their too just resentment, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door, and pay them in a cheque drawn in the name of

Henry Jekyll. But this danger was easily eliminated from the future, by opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward Hyde himself; and when, by sloping my own hand backwards, I had supplied my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the reach of fate.

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognized the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame; something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and, in my psychological way, began lazily to inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eye fell upon my hand. Now, the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size; it was large, firm, white and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough, in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the bedclothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor, and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and bounding from my bed, I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde. How was this to be explained? I asked myself; and then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey

down two pair of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then, with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size: had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll had returned to his own shape, and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a feint of breakfasting.

Small indeed was my appetite. This inexplicable incident, this reversal of my previous experience, seemed, like the Babylonian finger on the wall, to be spelling out the letters of my judgment; and I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence. That part of me which I had the power of projecting had lately been much exercised and nourished; it had seemed to me of late as though the body of Edward Hyde had grown in stature, as though (when I wore that form) I were conscious of a more generous tide of blood; and I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, the power of voluntary change be forfeited, and the character of Edward Hyde become irrevocably mine. The power of the drug had not been always equally displayed. Once, very early in my career, it had totally failed me; since then I had been obliged on more than one occasion to double, and once, with infinite risk of death, to treble the amount; and these rare uncertainties had cast hitherto the sole shadow on my contentment. Now, however, and in the light of that morning's accident, I was led to remark that whereas, in the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually but decidedly transferred

itself to the other side. All things therefore seemed to point to this : that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

Between these two, I now felt I had to choose. My two natures had memory in common, but all other faculties were most unequally shared between them. Jekyll (who was composite) now with the most sensitive apprehensions, now with a greedy gusto, projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde ; but Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll, or but remembered him as the mountain bandit remembers the cavern in which he conceals himself from pursuit. Jekyll had more than a father's interest ; Hyde had more than a son's indifference. To cast in my lot with Jekyll was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper. To cast it in with Hyde was to die to a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become, at a blow and for ever, despised and friendless. The bargain might appear unequal ; but there was still another consideration in the scales ; for while Jekyll would suffer smartingly in the fires of abstinence, Hyde would be not even conscious of all that he had lost. Strange as my circumstances were, the terms of this debate are as old and commonplace as man ; much the same inducements and alarms cast the die for any tempted and trembling sinner ; and it fell out with me, as it falls with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose the better part, and was found wanting in the strength to keep to it.

Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends, and cherishing honest hopes ; and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, leaping pulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in Soho, nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my determination ; for two months I led a life of such severity as I

had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience. But time began at last to obliterate the freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow into a thing of course; I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

I do not suppose that when a drunkard reasons with himself upon his vice, he is once out of five hundred times affected by the dangers that he runs through his brutish physical insensibility; neither had I, long as I had considered my position, made enough allowance for the complete moral insensibility and insensate readiness to evil, which were the leading characters of Edward Hyde. Yet it was by these that I was punished. My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious propensity to ill. It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the civilities of my unhappy victim; I declare at least, before God, no man morally sane could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance

doubly sure) destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot, I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul. As the acuteness of this remorse began to die away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Hyde was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and, oh, how I rejoiced to think it! with what willing humility I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! with what sincere renunciation I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

The next day came the news that the murder had been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have my better impulses thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past;

and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly in the last months of last year I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and that the days passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I wearied of this beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that I dreamed of resuscitating Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy: no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience; and it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is filled at last; and this brief condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery. It was a fine, clear January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active goodwill with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought, a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in its turn the faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once

more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—the cloth laying for me in the dining-room at home; and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows.

My reason wavered, but it did not fail me utterly. I have more than once observed that, in my second character, my faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might have succumbed, Hyde rose to the importance of the moment. My drugs were in one of the presses of my cabinet: how was I to reach them? That was the problem that (crushing my temples in my hands) I set myself to solve. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own servants would consign me to the gallows. I saw I must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? how persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way into his presence? and how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, prevail on the famous physician to rifle the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll? Then I remembered that of my original character, one part remained to me: I could write my own hand; and once I had conceived that kindling spark, the way that I must follow became lighted up from end to end.

Thereupon, I arranged my clothes as best I could, and summoning a passing hansom, drove to an hotel in Portland Street, the name of which I chanced to remember. At my appearance (which was indeed comical enough, however tragic a fate these garments covered) the driver could not conceal his mirth. I gnashed my teeth upon him with a gust of devilish fury; and the smile withered from his face—happily for him—yet more happily for myself, for in another instant I had certainly dragged him from his perch. At the inn, as I entered, I looked about me with so black a countenance as made the attendants tremble; not a look did they exchange in my presence; but obsequiously took my orders, led me to a private room, and

brought me wherewithal to write. Hyde in danger of his life was a creature new to me: shaken with inordinate anger, strung to the pitch of murder, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was astute; mastered his fury with a great effort of the will; composed his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole; and, that he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them out with directions that they should be registered.

Thenceforward, he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails; there he dined, sitting alone with his fears, the waiter visibly quailing before his eye; and thence, when the night was fully come, he set forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. He, I say—I cannot say, I. That child of Hell had nothing human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred. And when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he discharged the cab and ventured on foot, attired in his misfitting clothes, an object marked out for observation, into the midst of the nocturnal passengers, these two base passions raged within him like a tempest. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to himself, skulking through the less frequented thoroughfares, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight. Once a woman spoke to him, offering, I think a box of lights. He smote her in the face, and she fled.

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat: I do not know; it was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I looked back upon these hours. A change had come over me. It was no longer the fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me. I received Lanyon's condemnation partly in a dream; it was partly in a dream that I came home to my own house and got into bed. I slept after the prostration of the day, with a stringent and profound slumber which not even the nightmare that wrung me could avail to break. I awoke in the morning shaken, weakened, but refreshed. I still hated and feared the thought of the brute that slept within me, and I had not of course forgotten the appalling dangers

of the day before ; but I was once more at home, in my own house and close to my drugs ; and gratitude for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost rivalled the brightness of hope.

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change ; and I had but the time to gain the shelter of my cabinet, before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of Hyde. It took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself ; and, alas ! six hours after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the drug had to be re-administered. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort as of gymnastics, and only under the immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the countenance of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night I would be taken with the premonitory shudder ; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, ay, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought : the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death : and beyond these links of community, which in themselves made the most poignant

part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of a different order. His terror of the gallows drove him continually to commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of a part instead of a person; but he loathed the necessity, he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll was now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded. Hence the apelike tricks that he would play me, scrawling in my own hand blasphemies on the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father; and indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin. But his love of life is wonderful; I go further: I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall the abjection and passion of this attachment, and when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

It is useless, and the time awfully fails me, to prolong this description; no one has ever suffered such torments, let that suffice; and yet even to these, habit brought—no, not alleviation—but a certain callousness of soul, a certain acquiescence of despair; and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now befallen, and which has finally severed me from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I sent out for a fresh supply, and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the

first change of colour, not the second ; I drank it, and it was without efficiency. You will learn from Poole how I have had London ransacked ; it was in vain ; and I am now persuaded that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which lent efficacy to the draught.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement under the influence of the last of the old powders. This, then, is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face (now how sadly altered !) in the glass. Nor must I delay too long to bring my writing to an end ; for if my narrative has hitherto escaped destruction, it has been by a combination of great prudence and great good luck. Should the throes of change take me in the act of writing it, Hyde will tear it in pieces ; but if some time shall have elapsed after I have laid it by, his wonderful selfishness and circumscription to the moment will probably save it once again from the action of his apelike spite. And indeed the doom that is closing on us both has already changed and crushed him. Half an hour from now, when I shall again and for ever reindue that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue, with the most strained and fearstruck ecstasy of listening, to pace up and down this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of menace. Will Hyde die upon the scaffold ? or will he find the courage to release himself at the last moment ? God knows ; I am careless ; this is my true hour of death, and what is to follow concerns another than myself. Here, then, as I lay down the pen, and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.

FABLES

NOTE

The Persons in the Tale, usually number one of *Fables,* has been included, in the Tusitala Edition, at the end of *Treasure Island* (vol. II), as this fable is concerned with the characters in that story. The remainder of the Fables have accordingly been renumbered.

PREFATORY NOTE

By Sir Sidney Colvin

THE fable, as a form of literary art, had at all times a great attraction for Mr. Stevenson; and in an early review of Lord Lytton's *Fables in Song* he attempted to define some of its proper aims and methods. To this class of work, according to his conception of the matter, belonged essentially several of his own semi-supernatural stories, such as "Will of the Mill," "Markheim," and even "Jekyll and Hyde"; in the composition of which there was combined with the dream element, in at least an equal measure, the element of moral allegory or apologue. He was accustomed also to try his hand occasionally on the composition of fables more strictly so called, and cast in the conventional brief and familiar form. By the winter of 1887–88 he had enough of these by him, together with a few others running to greater length, and conceived in a more mystic and legendary vein, to enable him, as he thought, to see his way towards making a book of them. Such a book he promised to Messrs. Longman on the occasion of a visit paid him in New York by a member of the firm in the spring of 1888. Then came his voyage in the Pacific and residence at Samoa. Among the multitude of new interests and images which filled his mind during the last six years of his life, he seems to have given little thought to the proposed book of fables. One or two, however, as will be seen, were added to the collection during this period. That collection, as it stood at the time of his death, was certainly not what its author had meant it to be. It may even be doubted whether it would have seen the light had he lived: but since his death it

has seemed to his representatives of sufficient interest to be handed to Messrs. Longman, in part fulfilment of his old pledge to them, for publication first in their Magazine, and afterwards in its present place as an appendix to a new edition of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

S. C.

FABLES

I

THE SINKING SHIP

"SIR," said the first lieutenant, bursting into the Captain's cabin, "the ship is going down."

"Very well, Mr. Spoker," said the Captain; "but that is no reason for going about half-shaved. Exercise your mind a moment, Mr. Spoker, and you will see that to the philosophic eye there is nothing new in our position: the ship (if she is to go down at all) may be said to have been going down since she was launched."

"She is settling fast," said the first lieutenent, as he returned from shaving.

"Fast, Mr. Spoker?" asked the Captain. "The expression is a strange one, for time (if you will think of it) is only relative."

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "I think it is scarcely worth while to embark in such a discussion when we shall all be in Davy Jones's Locker in ten minutes."

"By parity of reasoning," returned the Captain gently, "it would never be worth while to begin any inquiry of importance; the odds are always overwhelming that we must die before we shall have brought it to an end. You have not considered, Mr. Spoker, the situation of man," said the Captain, smiling, and shaking his head.

"I am much more engaged in considering the position of the ship," said Mr. Spoker.

"Spoken like a good officer," replied the Captain, laying his hand on the lieutenant's shoulder.

On deck they found the men had broken into the spirit-room, and were fast getting drunk.

"My men," said the Captain, "there is no sense in this. The ship is going down, you will tell me, in ten minutes: well, and what then? To the philosophic eye, there is nothing new in our position. All our lives long, we may have been about to break a blood-vessel or to be struck by lightning, not merely in ten minutes, but in ten seconds; and that has not prevented us from eating dinner, no, nor from putting money in the Savings Bank. I assure you, with my hand on my heart, I fail to comprehend your attitude."

The men were already too far gone to pay much heed.

"This is a very painful sight, Mr. Spoker," said the Captain.

"And yet to the philosophic eye, or whatever it is," replied the first lieutenant, "they may be said to have been getting drunk since they came aboard."

"I do not know if you always follow my thought, Mr. Spoker," returned the Captain gently. "But let us proceed."

In the powder magazine they found an old salt smoking his pipe.

"Good God," cried the Captain, "what are you about?"

"Well, sir," said the old salt, apologetically, "they told me as she were going down."

"And suppose she were?" said the Captain. "To the philosophic eye, there would be nothing new in our position. Life, my old shipmate, life, at any moment and in any view, is as dangerous as a sinking ship; and yet it is man's handsome fashion to carry umbrellas, to wear india-rubber overshoes, to begin vast works, and to conduct himself in every way as if he might hope to be eternal. And for my own poor part I should despise the man who, even on board a sinking ship, should omit to take a pill or to wind up his watch. That, my friend, would not be the human attitude."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Spoker. "But what is precisely the difference between shaving in a sinking ship and smoking in a powder magazine?"

"Or doing anything at all in any conceivable circumstances?" cried the Captain. "Perfectly conclusive; give me a cigar!"

Two minutes afterwards the ship blew up with a glorious detonation.

II

THE TWO MATCHES

ONE day there was a traveller in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the Trades were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way, and he was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket he found but two matches. He struck the first, and it would not light.

"Here is a pretty state of things!" said the traveller. "Dying for a smoke; only one match left; and that certain to miss fire! Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet," thought the traveller, "suppose I light this match, and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; and while I snatch out the flames in front, they might evade and run behind me, and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it, that would have blazed up; over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that too would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough; and the flame of that long torch—how would the trade wind take and brandish that through the inflammable forest! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire, I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills; I see this pleasant forest burn for days, and the cattle roasted, and the

springs dried up, and the farmer ruined, and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.

"Thank God!" said the traveller, and put his pipe in his pocket.

III

THE SICK MAN AND THE FIREMAN

THERE was once a sick man in a burning house, to whom there entered a fireman.

"Do not save me," said the sick man. "Save those who are strong."

"Will you kindly tell me why?" inquired the fireman, for he was a civil fellow.

"Nothing could possibly be fairer," said the sick man. "The strong should be preferred in all cases, because they are of more service in the world."

The fireman pondered a while, for he was a man of some philosophy. "Granted," said he at last, as a part of the roof fell in; "but for the sake of conversation, what would you lay down as the proper service of the strong?"

"Nothing can possibly be easier," returned the sick man; "the proper service of the strong is to help the weak."

Again the fireman reflected, for there was nothing hasty about this excellent creature. "I could forgive you being sick," he said at last, as a portion of the wall fell out, "but I cannot bear your being such a fool." And with that he heaved up his fireman's axe, for he was eminently just, and clove the sick man to the bed.

IV

THE DEVIL AND THE INNKEEPER

ONCE upon a time the devil stayed at an inn, where no one knew him, for they were people whose education had been neglected. He was bent on mischief, and for a time kept everybody by the ears. But at last the innkeeper set a watch upon the devil and took him in the fact.

The innkeeper got a rope's end.

"Now I am going to thrash you," said the innkeeper.

"You have no right to be angry with me," said the devil. "I am only the devil, and it is my nature to do wrong."

"Is that so?" asked the innkeeper.

"Fact, I assure you," said the devil.

"You really cannot help doing ill?" asked the innkeeper.

"Not in the smallest," said the devil; "it would be useless cruelty to thrash a thing like me."

"It would indeed," said the innkeeper.

And he made a noose and hanged the devil.

"There!" said the innkeeper.

V

THE PENITENT

A MAN met a lad weeping. "What do you weep for?" he asked.

"I am weeping for my sins," said the lad.

"You must have little to do," said the man.

The next day they met again. Once more the lad was weeping. "Why do you weep now?" asked the man.

"I am weeping because I have nothing to eat," said the lad.

"I thought it would come to that," said the man.

VI

THE YELLOW PAINT

IN a certain city there lived a physician who sold yellow paint. This was of so singular a virtue that whoso was bedaubed with it from head to heel was set free from the dangers of life, and the bondage of sin, and the fear of death for ever. So the physician said in his prospectus; and so said all the citizens in the city; and there was nothing more urgent in men's hearts than to be properly painted themselves, and nothing they took more delight in than to see others painted. There was in the same city a young man of a very good family but of a somewhat reckless life, who had reached the age of manhood, and would have nothing to say to the paint: "To-morrow was soon enough," said he; and when the morrow came he would still put it off. So he might have continued to do until his death; only, he had a friend of about his own age and much of his own manners; and this youth, taking a walk in the public street, with not one fleck of paint upon his body, was suddenly run down by a water-cart and cut off in the heyday of his nakedness. This shook the other to the soul; so that I never beheld a man more earnest to be painted; and on the very same evening, in the presence of all his family, to appropriate music, and himself weeping aloud, he received three complete coats and a touch of varnish on the top. The physician (who was himself affected even to tears) protested he had never done a job so thorough.

Some two months afterwards, the young man was carried on a stretcher to the physician's house.

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried, as soon as the door was opened. "I was to be set free from all the dangers of life; and here have I been run down by that self-same water-cart, and my leg is broken."

"Dear me!" said the physician. "This is very sad. But I perceive I must explain to you the action of my paint. A broken bone is a mighty small affair at the worst

of it; and it belongs to a class of accident to which my paint is quite inapplicable. Sin, my dear young friend, sin is the sole calamity that a wise man should apprehend; it is against sin that I have fitted you out; and when you come to be tempted, you will give me news of my paint."

"Oh!" said the young man, "I did not understand that, and it seems rather disappointing. But I have no doubt all is for the best; and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged to you if you will set my leg."

"That is none of my business," said the physician; "but if your bearers will carry you round the corner to the surgeon's, I feel sure he will afford relief."

Some three years later, the young man came running to the physician's house in a great perturbation. "What is the meaning of this?" he cried. "Here was I to be set free from the bondage of sin; and I have just committed forgery, arson and murder."

"Dear me," said the physician. "This is very serious. Off with your clothes at once." And as soon as the young man had stripped, he examined him from head to foot. "No," he cried with great relief, "there is not a flake broken. Cheer up, my young friend, your paint is as good as new."

"Good God!" cried the young man, "and what then can be the use of it?"

"Why," said the physician, "I perceive I must explain to you the nature of the action of my paint. It does not exactly prevent sin; it extenuates instead the painful consequences. It is not so much for this world, as for the next; it is not against life; in short, it is against death that I have fitted you out. And when you come to die, you will give me news of my paint."

"Oh!" cried the young man, "I had not understood that, and it seems a little disappointing. But there is no doubt all is for the best: and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged if you will help me to undo the evil I have brought on innocent persons."

"That is none of my business," said the physician;

" but if you will go round the corner to the police office, I feel sure it will afford you relief to give yourself up."

Six weeks later, the physician was called to the town gaol.

" What is the meaning of this ? " cried the young man " Here am I literally crusted with your paint ; and I have broken my leg, and committed all the crimes in the calendar, and must be hanged to-morrow ; and am in the meanwhile in a fear so extreme that I lack words to picture it."

" Dear me," said the physician. " This is really amazing. Well, well ; perhaps, if you had not been painted, you would have been more frightened still."

VII

THE HOUSE OF ELD

SO soon as the child began to speak, the gyve was riveted ; and the boys and girls limped about their play like convicts. Doubtless it was more pitiable to see and more painful to bear in youth ; but even the grown folk, besides being very unhandy on their feet, were often sick with ulcers.

About the time when Jack was ten years old, many strangers began to journey through that country. These he beheld going lightly by on the long roads, and the thing amazed him. " I wonder how it comes," he asked, " that all these strangers are so quick afoot, and we must drag about our fetter ? "

" My dear boy," said his uncle, the catechist, " do not complain about your fetter, for it is the only thing that makes life worth living. None are happy, none are good, none are respectable, that are not gyved like us. And I must tell you, besides, it is very dangerous talk. If you grumble of your iron, you will have no luck ; if ever you take it off, you will be instantly smitten by a thunderbolt."

" Are there no thunderbolts for these strangers ? " asked Jack.

" Jupiter is longsuffering to the benighted," returned the catechist.

" Upon my word, I could wish I had been less fortunate," said Jack. " For if I had been born benighted, I might now be going free ; and it cannot be denied the iron is inconvenient, and the ulcer hurts."

" Ah ! " cried his uncle, " do not envy the heathen ! Theirs is a sad lot ! Ah, poor souls, if they but knew the joys of being fettered ! Poor souls, my heart yearns for them. But the truth is they are vile, odious, insolent, ill-conditioned, stinking brutes, not truly human—for what is a man without a fetter ?—and you cannot be too particular not to touch or speak with them."

After this talk, the child would never pass one of the unfettered on the road but what he spat at him and called him names, which was the practice of the children in that part.

It chanced one day, when he was fifteen, he went into the woods, and the ulcer pained him. It was a fair day, with a blue sky ; all the birds were singing ; but Jack nursed his foot. Presently, another song began ; it sounded like the singing of a person, only far more gay ; at the same time there was a beating on the earth. Jack put aside the leaves ; and there was a lad of his own village, leaping, and dancing and singing to himself in a green dell ; and on the grass beside him lay the dancer's iron.

" Oh ! " cried Jack, " you have your fetter off ! "

" For God's sake, don't tell your uncle ! " cried the lad.

" If you fear my uncle," returned Jack, " why do you not fear the thunderbolt ? "

" That is only an old wives' tale," said the other. " It is only told to children. Scores of us come here among the woods and dance for nights together, and are none the worse."

This put Jack in a thousand new thoughts. He was a grave lad ; he had no mind to dance himself ; he wore

his fetter manfully, and tended his ulcer without complaint. But he loved the less to be deceived or to see others cheated. He began to lie in wait for heathen travellers, at covert parts of the road, and in the dusk of the day, so that he might speak with them unseen; and these were greatly taken with their wayside questioner, and told him things of weight. The wearing of gyves (they said) was no command of Jupiter's. It was the contrivance of a white-faced thing, a sorcerer, that dwelt in that country in the Wood of Eld. He was one like Glaucus that could change his shape, yet he could be always told; for when he was crossed, he gobbled like a turkey. He had three lives; but the third smiting would make an end of him indeed; and with that his house of sorcery would vanish, the gyves fall, and the villagers take hands and dance like children.

"And in your country?" Jack would ask.

But at this the travellers, with one accord, would put him off; until Jack began to suppose there was no land entirely happy. Or, if there were, it must be one that kept its folk at home; which was natural enough.

But the case of the gyves weighed upon him. The sight of the children limping stuck in his eyes; the groans of such as dressed their ulcers haunted him. And it came at last in his mind that he was born to free them.

There was in that village a sword of heavenly forgery, beaten upon Vulcan's anvil. It was never used but in the temple, and then the flat of it only; and it hung on a nail by the catechist's chimney. Early one night, Jack rose, and took the sword, and was gone out of the house and the village in the darkness.

All night he walked at a venture; and when day came, he met strangers going to the fields. Then he asked after the Wood of Eld and the house of sorcery; and one said north, and one south; until Jack saw that they deceived him. So then, when he asked his way of any man, he showed the bright sword naked; and at that the gyve on the man's ankle rang, and answered in his stead; and the word was still *Straight on*. But the man, when his

gyve spoke, spat and struck at Jack, and threw stones at him as he went away; so that his head was broken.

So he came to that wood, and entered in, and he was aware of a house in a low place, where funguses grew, and the trees met, and the steaming of the marsh arose about it like a smoke. It was a fine house, and a very rambling; some parts of it were ancient like the hills, and some but of yesterday, and none finished; and all the ends of it were open, so that you could go in from every side. Yet it was in good repair, and all the chimneys smoked.

Jack went in through the gable; and there was one room after another, all bare, but all furnished in part, so that a man could dwell there; and in each there was a fire burning, where a man could warm himself, and a table spread where he might eat. But Jack saw nowhere any living creature; only the bodies of some stuffed.

"This is a hospitable house," said Jack; "but the ground must be quaggy underneath, for at every step the building quakes."

He had gone some time in the house, when he began to be hungry. Then he looked at the food, and at first he was afraid; but he bared the sword, and by the shining of the sword, it seemed the food was honest. So he took the courage to sit down and eat, and he was refreshed in mind and body.

"This is strange," thought he, "that in the house of sorcery there should be food so wholesome."

As he was yet eating, there came into that room the appearance of his uncle, and Jack was afraid because he had taken the sword. But his uncle was never more kind, and sat down to meat with him, and praised him because he had taken the sword. Never had these two been more pleasantly together, and Jack was full of love to the man.

"It was very well done," said his uncle, "to take the sword and come yourself into the House of Eld; a good thought and a brave deed. But now you are satisfied; and we may go home to dinner arm in arm."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Jack. "I am not satisfied yet."

"How!" cried his uncle. "Are you not warmed by the fire? Does not this food sustain you?"

"I see the food to be wholesome," said Jack; "and still it is no proof that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg."

Now at this the appearance of his uncle gobbled like a turkey.

"Jupiter!" cried Jack, "is this the sorcerer?"

His hand held back and his heart failed him for the love he bore his uncle; but he heaved up the sword and smote the appearance on the head; and it cried out aloud with the voice of his uncle; and fell to the ground; and a little bloodless white thing fled from the room.

The cry rang in Jack's ears, and his knees smote together, and conscience cried upon him; and yet he was strengthened, and there woke in his bones the lust of that enchanter's blood. "If the gyves are to fall," said he, "I must go through with this, and when I get home I shall find my uncle dancing."

So he went on after the bloodless thing. In the way, he met the appearance of his father; and his father was incensed, and railed upon him, and called to him upon his duty, and bade him be home, while there was yet time. "For you can still," said he, "be home by sunset; and then all will be forgiven."

"God knows," said Jack, "I fear your anger; but yet your anger does not prove that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg."

And at that the appearance of his father gobbled like a turkey.

"Ah, heaven," cried Jack, "the sorcerer again!"

The blood ran backward in his body and his joints rebelled against him for the love he bore his father; but he heaved up the sword, and plunged it in the heart of the appearance; and the appearance cried out aloud with the voice of his father; and fell to the ground; and a little bloodless white thing fled from the room.

The cry rang in Jack's ears, and his soul was darkened; but now rage came to him. "I have done what I dare

not think upon," said he. "I will go to an end with it, or perish. And when I get home, I pray God this may be a dream, and I may find my father dancing."

So he went on after the bloodless thing that had escaped; and in the way he met the appearance of his mother, and she wept. "What have you done?" she cried. "What is this that you have done? Oh, come home (where you may be by bedtime) ere you do more ill to me and mine; for it is enough to smite my brother and your father."

"Dear mother, it is not these that I have smitten," said Jack; "it was but the enchanter in their shape. And even if I had, it would not prove that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg."

And at this the appearance gobbled like a turkey.

He never knew how he did that; but he swung the sword on the one side, and clove the appearance through the midst; and it cried out aloud with the voice of his mother; and fell to the ground; and with the fall of it, the house was gone from over Jack's head, and he stood alone in the woods, and the gyve was loosened from his leg.

"Well," said he, "the enchanter is now dead, and the fetter gone." But the cries rang in his soul, and the day was like night to him. "This has been a sore business," said he. "Let me get forth out of the wood, and see the good that I have done to others."

He thought to leave the fetter where it lay, but when he turned to go, his mind was otherwise. So he stooped and put the gyve in his bosom; and the rough iron galled him as he went, and his bosom bled.

Now when he was forth of the wood upon the highway, he met folk returning from the field; and those he met had no fetter on the right leg, but, behold! they had one upon the left. Jack asked them what it signified; and they said, "that was the new wear, for the old was found to be a superstition." Then he looked at them nearly; and there was a new ulcer on the left ankle, and the old one on the right was not yet healed.

"Now, may God forgive me!" cried Jack. "I would I were well home."

And when he was home, there lay his uncle smitten on the head, and his father pierced through the heart, and his mother cloven through the midst. And he sat in the lone house and wept beside the bodies.

MORAL

Old is the tree and the fruit good,
Very old and thick the wood.
Woodman, is your courage stout?
Beware! the root is wrapped about
Your mother's heart, your father's bones;
And like the mandrake comes with groans.

VIII

THE FOUR REFORMERS

FOUR reformers met under a bramble bush. They were all agreed the world must be changed. "We must abolish property," said one.

"We must abolish marriage," said the second.

"We must abolish God," said the third.

"I wish we could abolish work," said the fourth.

"Do not let us get beyond practical politics," said the first. "The first thing is to reduce men to a common level."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to give freedom to the sexes."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to find out how to do it."

"The first step," said the first, "is to abolish the Bible."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to abolish the laws."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to abolish mankind."

IX

THE MAN AND HIS FRIEND

A MAN quarrelled with his friend.

"I have been much deceived in you," said the man.

And the friend made a face at him and went away.

A little after, they both died, and came together before the great white Justice of the Peace. It began to look black for the friend, but the man for a while had a clear character and was getting in good spirits.

"I find here some record of a quarrel," said the justice, looking in his notes. "Which of you was in the wrong?"

"He was," said the man. "He spoke ill of me behind my back."

"Did he so?" said the justice. "And pray how did he speak about your neighbours?"

"Oh, he had always a nasty tongue," said the man.

"And you chose him for your friend?" cried the justice. "My good fellow, we have no use here for fools."

So the man was cast in the pit, and the friend laughed out aloud in the dark and remained to be tried on other charges.

X

THE READER

"I NEVER read such an impious book," said the reader, throwing it on the floor.

"You need not hurt me," said the book; "you will only get less for me second hand, and I did not write myself."

"That is true," said the reader. "My quarrel is with your author."

"Ah, well," said the book, "you need not buy his rant."

"That is true," said the reader. "But I thought him such a cheerful writer."

"I find him so," said the book.

"You must be differently made from me," said the reader.

"Let me tell you a fable," said the book. "There were two men wrecked upon a desert island; one of them made believe he was at home, the other admitted——"

"Oh, I know your kind of fable," said the reader. "They both died."

"And so they did," said the book. "No doubt of that. And everybody else."

"That is true," said the reader. "Push it a little further for this once. And when they were all dead?"

"They were in God's hands, the same as before," said the book.

"Not much to boast of, by your account," cried the reader.

"Who is impious now?" said the book

And the reader put him on the fire.

> The coward crouches from the rod,
> And loathes the iron face of God.

XI

THE CITIZEN AND THE TRAVELLER

"LOOK round you," said the citizen. "This is the largest market in the world."

"Oh, surely not," said the traveller.

"Well, perhaps not the largest," said the citizen, "but much the best."

"You are certainly wrong there," said the traveller. "I can tell you . . ."

They buried the stranger at the dusk.

XII

THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGER

ONCE upon a time there came to this earth a visitor from a neighbouring planet. And he was met at the place of his descent by a great philosopher, who was to show him everything.

First of all they came through a wood, and the stranger looked upon the trees. "Whom have we here?" said he.

"These are only vegetables," said the philosopher. "They are alive, but not at all interesting."

"I don't know about that," said the stranger. "They seem to have very good manners. Do they never speak?"

"They lack the gift," said the philosopher.

"Yet I think I hear them sing," said the other.

"That is only the wind among the leaves," said the philosopher. "I will explain to you the theory of winds: it is very interesting."

"Well," said the stranger, "I wish I knew what they are thinking."

"They cannot think," said the philosopher.

"I don't know about that," returned the stranger: and then, laying his hand upon a trunk: "I like these people," said he.

"They are not people at all," said the philosopher. "Come along."

Next they came through a meadow where there were cows.

"These are very dirty people," said the stranger.

"They are not people at all," said the philosopher; and he explained what a cow is in scientific words which I have forgotten.

"That is all one to me," said the stranger. "But why do they never look up?"

"Because they are graminivorous," said the philosopher; "and to live upon grass, which is not highly nutritious, requires so close an attention to business that they have no time to think, or speak, or look at the scenery, or keep themselves clean."

" Well," said the stranger, " that is one way to live, no doubt. But I prefer the people with the green heads."

Next they came into a city, and the streets were full of men and women.

" These are very odd people," said the stranger.

" They are the people of the greatest nation in the world," said the philosopher.

" Are they indeed ? " said the stranger. " They scarcely look so."

XIII

THE CART-HORSES AND THE SADDLE-HORSE

TWO cart-horses, a gelding and a mare, were brought to Samoa, and put in the same field with a saddle-horse to run free on the island. They were rather afraid to go near him, for they saw he was a saddle-horse, and supposed he would not speak to them. Now the saddle-horse had never seen creatures so big. " These must be great chiefs," thought he, and he approached them civilly. " Lady and gentleman," said he, " I understand you are from the colonies. I offer you my affectionate compliments, and make you heartily welcome to the islands."

The colonials looked at him askance, and consulted with each other.

" Who can he be ? " said the gelding.

" He seems suspiciously civil," said the mare.

" I do not think he can be much account," said the gelding.

" Depend upon it he is only a Kanaka," said the mare.

Then they turned to him.

" Go to the devil ! " said the gelding.

" I wonder at your impudence, speaking to persons of our quality ! " cried the mare.

The saddle-horse went away by himself. " I was right," said he, " they are great chiefs."

XIV

THE TADPOLE AND THE FROG

"BE ashamed of yourself," said the frog. "When I was a tadpole, I had no tail."

"Just what I thought!" said the tadpole. "You never were a tadpole."

XV

SOMETHING IN IT

THE natives told him many tales. In particular, they warned him of the house of yellow reeds tied with black sinnet, how any one who touched it became instantly the prey of Akaänga, and was handed on to him by Miru the ruddy, and hocussed with the kava of the dead, and baked in the ovens and eaten by the eaters of the dead.

"There is nothing in it," said the missionary.

There was a bay upon that island, a very fair bay to look upon; but, by the native saying, it was death to bathe there. "There is nothing in that," said the missionary; and he came to the bay, and went swimming. Presently an eddy took him and bore him towards the reef. "Oho!" thought the missionary, "it seems there is something in it after all." And he swam the harder, but the eddy carried him away. "I do not care about this eddy," said the missionary; and even as he said it, he was aware of a house raised on piles above the sea; it was built of yellow reeds, one reed joined with another, and the whole bound with black sinnet; a ladder led to the door, and all about the house hung calabashes. He had never seen such a house, nor yet such calabashes; and the eddy set for the ladder. "This is singular," said the missionary, "but there can be nothing in it." And he

laid hold of the ladder and went up. It was a fine house; but there was no man there; and when the missionary looked back he saw no island, only the heaving of the sea. "It is strange about the island," said the missionary, "but who's afraid? my stories are the true ones." And he laid hold of a calabash, for he was one that loved curiosities. Now he had no sooner laid hand upon the calabash than that which he handled, and that which he saw and stood on, burst like a bubble and was gone; and night closed upon him, and the waters, and the meshes of the net; and he wallowed there like a fish.

"A body would think there was something in this," said the missionary. "But if these tales are true, I wonder what about my tales!"

Now the flaming of Akaänga's torch drew near in the night; and the misshapen hands groped in the meshes of the net; and they took the missionary between the finger and the thumb, and bore him dripping in the night and silence to the place of the ovens of Miru. And there was Miru, ruddy in the glow of the ovens; and there sat her four daughters, and made the kava of the dead; and there sat the comers out of the islands of the living, dripping and lamenting.

This was a dread place to reach for any of the sons of men. But of all who ever came there, the missionary was the most concerned; and, to make things worse, the person next him was a convert of his own.

"Aha," said the convert, "so you are here like your neighbours? And how about all your stories?"

"It seems," said the missionary, with bursting tears, "that there was nothing in them."

By this the kava of the dead was ready, and the daughters of Miru began to intone in the old manner of singing. "Gone are the green islands and the bright sea, the sun and the moon and the forty million stars, and life and love and hope. Henceforth is no more, only to sit in the night and silence, and see your friends devoured; for life is a deceit, and the bandage is taken from your eyes."

Now when the singing was done, one of the daughters came with the bowl. Desire of that kava rose in the missionary's bosom; he lusted for it like a swimmer for the land, or a bridegroom for his bride; and he reached out his hand, and took the bowl, and would have drunk. And then he remembered, and put it back.

"Drink!" sang the daughter of Miru. "There is no kava like the kava of the dead, and to drink of it once is the reward of living."

"I thank you. It smells excellent," said the missionary. "But I am a blue-ribbon man myself; and though I am aware there is a difference of opinion even in our own confession, I have always held kava to be excluded."

"What!" cried the convert. "Are you going to respect a taboo at a time like this? And you were always so opposed to taboos when you were alive!"

"To other people's," said the missionary. "Never to my own."

"But yours have all proved wrong," said the convert.

"It looks like it," said the missionary, "and I can't help that. No reason why I should break my word."

"I never heard the like of this!" cried the daughter of Miru. "Pray, what do you expect to gain?"

"That is not the point," said the missionary. "I took this pledge for others, I am not going to break it for myself."

The daughter of Miru was puzzled; she came and told her mother, and Miru was vexed; and they went and told Akaänga.

"I don't know what to do about this," said Akaänga; and he came and reasoned with the missionary.

"But there *is* such a thing as right and wrong," said the missionary; "and your ovens cannot alter that."

"Give the kava to the rest," said Akaänga to the daughters of Miru. "I must get rid of this sea-lawyer instantly, or worse will come of it."

The next moment the missionary came up in the midst

of the sea, and there before him were the palm trees of the island. He swam to the shore gladly, and landed. Much matter of thought was in that missionary's mind.

"I seem to have been misinformed upon some points," said he. "Perhaps there is not much in it, as I supposed; but there is something in it after all. Let me be glad of that."

And he rang the bell for service.

MORAL

The sticks break, the stones crumble,
The eternal altars tilt and tumble,
Sanctions and tales dislimn like mist
About the amazed evangelist.
He stands unshook from age to youth
Upon one pin-point of the truth.

XVI

FAITH, HALF FAITH AND NO FAITH AT ALL

IN the ancient days there went three men upon pilgrimage; one was a priest, and one was a virtuous person, and the third was an old rover with his axe.

As they went, the priest spoke about the grounds of faith.

"We find the proofs of our religion in the works of nature," said he, and beat his breast.

"That is true," said the virtuous person.

"The peacock has a scrannel voice," said the priest, "as has been laid down always in our books. How cheering!" he cried, in a voice like one that wept. "How comforting!"

"I require no such proofs," said the virtuous person.

"Then you have no reasonable faith," said the priest.

"Great is the right, and shall prevail!" cried the vir-

tuous person. "There is loyalty in my soul: be sure, there is loyalty in the mind of Odin."

"These are but playings upon words," returned the priest. "A sackful of such trash is nothing to the peacock."

Just then they passed a country farm, where there was a peacock seated on a rail; and the bird opened its mouth and sang with the voice of a nightingale.

"Where are you now?" asked the virtuous person. "And yet this shakes not me! Great is the truth, and shall prevail!"

"The devil fly away with that peacock!" said the priest; and he was downcast for a mile or two.

But presently they came to a shrine, where a Fakeer performed miracles.

"Ah!" said the priest, "here are the true grounds of faith. The peacock was but an adminicle. This is the base of our religion." And he beat upon his breast, and groaned like one with colic.

"Now to me," said the virtuous person, "all this is as little to the purpose as the peacock. I believe because I see the right is great, and must prevail; and this Fakeer might carry on with his conjuring tricks till doomsday, and it would not play bluff upon a man like me."

Now at this the Fakeer was so much incensed that his hand trembled; and, lo! in the midst of a miracle the cards fell from up his sleeve.

"Where are you now?" asked the virtuous person. "And yet it shakes not me!"

"The devil fly away with the Fakeer!" cried the priest. "I really do not see the good of going on with this pilgrimage."

"Cheer up!" cried the virtuous person. "Great is the right, and shall prevail!"

"If you are quite sure it will prevail," says the priest.

"I pledge my word for that," said the virtuous person.

So the other began to go on again with a better heart.

At last one came running, and told them all was lost:

that the powers of darkness had besieged the Heavenly Mansions, that Odin was to die, and evil triumph.

"I have been grossly deceived," cried the virtuous person.

"All is lost now," said the priest.

"I wonder if it is too late to make it up with the devil?" said the virtuous person.

"Oh, I hope not," said the priest. "And at any rate we can but try. But what are you doing with your axe?" says he to the rover.

"I am off to die with Odin," said the rover.

XVII

THE TOUCHSTONE

THE King was a man that stood well before the world; his smile was sweet as clover, but his soul withinside was as little as a pea. He had two sons; and the younger son was a boy after his heart, but the elder was one whom he feared. It befell one morning that the drum sounded in the dun before it was yet day; and the King rode with his two sons, and a brave array behind them. They rode two hours, and came to the foot of a brown mountain that was very steep.

"Where do we ride?" said the elder son.

"Across this brown mountain," said the King, and smiled to himself.

"My father knows what he is doing," said the younger son.

And they rode two hours more, and came to the sides of a black river that was wondrous deep.

"And where do we ride?" asked the elder son.

"Over this black river," said the King, and smiled to himself.

"My father knows what he is doing," said the younger son.

And they rode all that day, and about the time of the unsetting came to the side of a lake, where was a great dun.

"It is here we ride," said the King; "to a King's house, and a priest's, and a house where you will learn much."

At the gates of the dun, the King who was a priest met them; and he was a grave man, and beside him stood his daughter, and she was as fair as the morn, and one that smiled and looked down.

"These are my two sons," said the first King.

"And here is my daughter," said the King who was a priest.

"She is a wonderful fine maid," said the first King, "and I like her manner of smiling."

"They are wonderful well-grown lads," said the second, "and I like their gravity."

And then the two Kings looked at each other, and said, "The thing may come about."

And in the meanwhile the two lads looked upon the maid, and the one grew pale and the other red; and the maid looked upon the ground smiling.

"Here is the maid that I shall marry," said the elder. "For I think she smiled upon me."

But the younger plucked his father by the sleeve. "Father," said he, "a word in your ear. If I find favour in your sight, might not I wed this maid, for I think she smiles upon me?"

"A word in yours," said the King his father. "Waiting is good hunting, and when the teeth are shut the tongue is at home."

Now they were come into the dun, and feasted; and this was a great house, so that the lads were astonished; and the King that was a priest sat at the end of the board and was silent, so that the lads were filled with reverence; and the maid served them smiling with downcast eyes, so that their hearts were enlarged.

Before it was day, the elder son arose, and he found the maid at her weaving, for she was a diligent girl. "Maid," quoth he, "I would fain marry you."

"You must speak with my father," said she; and she looked upon the ground smiling, and became like the rose.

"Her heart is with me," said the elder son, and he went down to the lake and sang.

A little after came the younger son. "Maid," quoth he, "if our fathers were agreed, I would like well to marry you."

"You can speak to my father," said she; and looked upon the ground, and smiled and grew like the rose.

"She is a dutiful daughter," said the younger son, "she will make an obedient wife." And then he thought, "What shall I do?" and he remembered the King her father was a priest; so he went into the temple, and sacrificed a weasel and a hare.

Presently the news got about; and the two lads and the first King were called into the presence of the King who was a priest, where he sat upon the high seat.

"Little I reck of gear," said the King who was a priest, "and little of power. For we live here among the shadow of things, and the heart is sick of seeing them. And we stay here in the wind like raiment drying, and the heart is weary of the wind. But one thing I love, and that is truth; and for one thing will I give my daughter, and that is the trial stone. For in the light of that stone the seeming goes, and the being shows, and all things besides are worthless. Therefore, lads, if ye would wed my daughter, out foot, and bring me the stone of touch, for that is the price of her."

"A word in your ear," said the younger son to his father. "I think we do very well without this stone."

"A word in yours," said the father. "I am of your way of thinking; but when the teeth are shut the tongue is at home." And he smiled to the King that was a priest.

But the elder son got to his feet, and called the King that was a priest by the name of father. "For whether I marry the maid or no, I will call you by that word for the love of your wisdom; and even now I will ride forth and search the world for the stone of touch." So he said farewell, and rode into the world.

"I think I will go, too," said the younger son, "if I can have your leave. For my heart goes out to the maid."

"You will ride home with me," said his father.

So they rode home, and when they came to the dun, the King had his son into his treasury. "Here," said he, "is the touchstone which shows truth; for there is no truth but plain truth; and if you will look in this, you will see yourself as you are."

And the younger son looked in it, and saw his face as it were the face of a beardless youth, and he was well enough pleased; for the thing was a piece of a mirror.

"Here is no such great thing to make a work about," said he; "but if it will get me the maid I shall never complain. But what a fool is my brother to ride into the world, and the thing all the while at home!"

So they rode back to the other dun, and showed the mirror to the King that was a priest; and when he had looked in it, and seen himself like a King, and his house like a King's house, and all things like themselves, he cried out and blessed God. "For now I know," said he, "there is no truth but the plain truth; and I am a King indeed, although my heart misgave me." And he pulled down his temple, and built a new one; and then the younger son was married to the maid.

In the meantime the elder son rode into the world to find the touchstone of the trial of truth; and whenever he came to a place of habitation, he would ask the men if they had heard of it. And in every place the men answered: "Not only have we heard of it, but we alone, of all men, possess the thing itself, and it hangs in the side of our chimney to this day." Then would the elder son be glad, and beg for a sight of it. And sometimes it would be a piece of mirror, that showed the seeming of things; and then he would say, "This can never be, for there should be more than seeming." And sometimes it would be a lump of coal, which showed nothing; and then he would say, "This can never be, for at least there is the seeming." And sometimes it would be a touch-

stone indeed, beautiful in hue, adorned with polishing, the light inhabiting its sides; and when he found this, he would beg the thing, and the persons of that place would give it him, for all men were very generous of that gift; so that at the last he had his wallet full of them, and they chinked together when he rode; and when he halted by the side of the way he would take them out and try them, till his head turned like the sails upon a windmill.

"A murrain upon this business!" said the elder son, "for I perceive no end to it. Here I have the red, and here the blue and the green; and to me they seem all excellent, and yet shame each other. A murrain on the trade! If it were not for the King that is a priest and whom I have called my father, and if it were not for the fair maid of the dun that makes my mouth to sing and my heart enlarge, I would even tumble them all into the salt sea, and go home and be a King like other folk."

But he was like the hunter that has seen a stag upon a mountain, so that the night may fall, and the fire be kindled, and the lights shine in his house; but desire of that stag is single in his bosom.

Now after many years the elder son came upon the sides of the salt sea; and it was night, and a savage place, and the clamour of the sea was loud. There he was aware of a house, and a man that sat there by the light of a candle, for he had no fire. Now the elder son came in to him, and the man gave him water to drink, for he had no bread; and wagged his head when he was spoken to, for he had no words.

"Have you the touchstone of truth?" asked the elder son; and when the man had wagged his head, "I might have known that," cried the elder son. "I have here a wallet full of them!" And with that he laughed, although his heart was weary.

And with that the man laughed too, and with the puff of his laughter the candle went out.

"Sleep," said the man, "for now I think you have come far enough; and your quest is ended, and my candle is out."

Now when the morning came, the man gave him a clear pebble in his hand, and it had no beauty and no colour; and the elder son looked upon it scornfully and shook his head; and he went away, for it seemed a small affair to him.

All that day he rode, and his mind was quiet, and the desire of the chase allayed. "How if this poor pebble be the touchstone, after all?" said he: and he got down from his horse, and emptied forth his wallet by the side of the way. Now, in the light of each other, all the touchstones lost their hue and fire, and withered like stars at morning; but in the light of the pebble, their beauty remained, only the pebble was the most bright. And the elder son smote upon his brow. "How if this be the truth?" he cried, "that all are a little true?" And he took the pebble, and turned its light upon the heavens, and they deepened about him like the pit; and he turned it on the hills, and the hills were cold and rugged, but life ran in their sides so that his own life bounded; and he turned it on the dust, and he beheld the dust with joy and terror; and he turned it on himself, and kneeled down and prayed.

"Now, thanks be to God," said the elder son, "I have found the touchstone; and now I may turn my reins, and ride home to the King and to the maid of the dun that makes my mouth to sing and my heart enlarge."

Now when he came to the dun, he saw children playing by the gate where the King had met him in the old days; and this stayed his pleasure, for he thought in his heart, "It is here my children should be playing." And when he came into the hall, there was his brother on the high seat and the maid beside him; and at that his anger rose, for he thought in his heart, "It is I that should be sitting there, and the maid beside me."

"Who are you?" said his brother. "And what make you in the dun?"

"I am your elder brother," he replied. "And I am come to marry the maid, for I have brought the touchstone of truth."

Then the younger brother laughed aloud. "Why,"

said he, " I found the touchstone years ago, and married the maid, and there are our children playing at the gate."

Now at this the elder brother grew as grey as the dawn. " I pray you have dealt justly," said he, " for I perceive my life is lost."

" Justly ? " quoth the younger brother. " It becomes you ill, that are a restless man and a runagate, to doubt my justice, or the King my father's, that are sedentary folk and known in the land."

" Nay," said the elder brother, " you have all else, have patience also ; and suffer me to say the world is full of touchstones, and it appears not easily which is true."

" I have no shame of mine," said the younger brother. " There it is, and look in it."

So the elder brother looked in the mirror, and he was sore amazed ; for he was an old man, and his hair was white upon his head ; and he sat down in the hall and wept aloud.

" Now," said the younger brother, " see what a fool's part you have played, that ran over all the world to seek what was lying in our father's treasury, and came back an old carle for the dogs to bark at, and without chick or child. And I that was dutiful and wise sit here crowned with virtues and pleasures, and happy in the light of my hearth."

" Methinks you have a cruel tongue," said the elder brother ; and he pulled out the clear pebble and turned its light on his brother ; and behold the man was lying, his soul was shrunk into the smallness of a pea, and his heart was a bag of little fears like scorpions, and love was dead in his bosom. And at that the elder brother cried out aloud, and turned the light of the pebble on the maid, and, lo ! she was but a mask of a woman, and withinsides she was quite dead, and she smiled as a clock ticks, and knew not wherefore.

" Oh, well," said the elder brother, " I perceive there is both good and bad. So fare ye all as well as ye may in the dun ; but I will go forth into the world with my pebble in my pocket."

XVIII

THE POOR THING

THERE was a man in the islands who fished for his bare bellyful, and took his life in his hands to go forth upon the sea between four planks. But though he had much ado, he was merry of heart; and the gulls heard him laugh when the spray met him. And though he had little lore, he was sound of spirit; and when the fish came to his hook in the mid-waters, he blessed God without weighing. He was bitter poor in goods and bitter ugly of countenance, and he had no wife.

It fell in the time of the fishing that the man awoke in his house about the midst of the afternoon. The fire burned in the midst, and the smoke went up and the sun came down by the chimney. And the man was aware of the likeness of one that warmed his hands at the red peats.

"I greet you," said the man, "in the name of God."

"I greet you," said he that warmed his hands, "but not in the name of God, for I am none of His; nor in the name of Hell, for I am not of Hell. For I am but a bloodless thing, less than wind and lighter than a sound, and the wind goes through me like a net, and I am broken by a sound and shaken by the cold."

"Be plain with me," said the man, "and tell me your name and of your nature."

"My name," quoth the other, "is not yet named, and my nature not yet sure. For I am part of a man; and I was a part of your fathers, and went out to fish and fight with them in the ancient days. But now is my turn not yet come; and I wait until you have a wife, and then shall I be in your son, and a brave part of him, rejoicing manfully to launch the boat into the surf, skilful to direct the helm, and a man of might where the ring closes and the blows are going."

"This is a marvellous thing to hear," said the man; "and if you are indeed to be my son, I fear it will go ill with you; for I am bitter poor in goods and bitter ugly

in face; and I shall never get me a wife if I live to the age of eagles."

"All this have I come to remedy, my Father," said the Poor Thing; "for we must go this night to the little isle of sheep, where our fathers lie in the dead-cairn, and to-morrow to the Earl's Hall, and there shall you find a wife by my providing."

So the man rose and put forth his boat at the time of the sunsetting; and the Poor Thing sat in the prow, and the spray blew through his bones like snow, and the wind whistled in his teeth, and the boat dipped not with the weight of him.

"I am fearful to see you, my son," said the man. "For methinks you are no thing of God."

"It is only the wind that whistles in my teeth," said the Poor Thing, "and there is no life in me to keep it out."

So they came to the little isle of sheep, where the surf burst all about it in the midst of the sea, and it was all green with bracken, and all wet with dew, and the moon enlightened it. They ran the boat into a cove, and set foot to land; and the man came heavily behind among the rocks in the deepness of the bracken, but the Poor Thing went before him like a smoke in the light of the moon. So they came to the dead-cairn, and they laid their ears to the stones; and the dead complained within-sides like a swarm of bees: "Time was that marrow was in our bones, and strength in our sinews; and the thoughts of our head were clothed upon with acts and the words of men. But now are we broken in sunder, and the bonds of our bones are loosed, and our thoughts lie in the dust."

Then said the Poor Thing: "Charge them that they give you the virtue they withheld."

And the man said: "Bones of my fathers, greeting for I am sprung of your loins. And now, behold, I break open the piled stones of your cairn, and I let in the noon between your ribs. Count it well done, for it was to be and give me what I come seeking in the name of blood and in the name of God."

And the spirits of the dead stirred in the cairn like ants; and they spoke: "You have broken the roof of our cairn and let in the noon between our ribs; and you have the strength of the still-living. But what virtue have we? what power? or what jewel here in the dust with us, that any living man should covet or receive it? for we are less than nothing. But we tell you one thing, speaking with many voices like bees, that the way is plain before all like the grooves of launching: So forth into life and fear not, for so did we all in the ancient ages." And their voices passed away like an eddy in a river.

"Now," said the Poor Thing, "they have told you a lesson, but make them give you a gift. Stoop your hand among the bones without drawback, and you shall find their treasure."

So the man stooped his hand, and the dead laid hold upon it many and faint like ants; but he shook them off, and behold, what he brought up in his hand was the shoe of a horse, and it was rusty.

"It is a thing of no price," quoth the man, "for it is rusty."

"We shall see that," said the Poor Thing; "for in my thought it is a good thing to do what our fathers did, and to keep what they kept without question. And in my thought one thing is as good as another in this world; and a shoe of a horse will do."

Now they got into their boat with the horseshoe, and when the dawn was come they were aware of the smoke of the Earl's town and the bells of the Kirk that beat. So they set foot to shore; and the man went up to the market among the fishers over against the palace and the Kirk; and he was bitter poor and bitter ugly, and he had never a fish to sell, but only a shoe of a horse in his creel, and it rusty.

"Now," said the Poor Thing, "do so and so, and you shall find a wife and I a mother."

It befell that the Earl's daughter came forth to go into the Kirk upon her prayers; and when she saw the poor man stand in the market with only the shoe of a horse,

and it rusty, it came in her mind it should be a thing of price.

"What is that?" quoth she.

"It is a shoe of a horse," said the man.

"And what is the use of it?" quoth the Earl's daughter.

"It is for no use," said the man.

"I may not believe that," said she; "else why should you carry it?"

"I do so," said he, "because it was so my fathers did in the ancient ages; and I have neither a better reason nor a worse."

Now the Earl's daughter could not find it in her mind to believe him. "Come," quoth she, "sell me this, for I am sure it is a thing of price."

"Nay," said the man, "the thing is not for sale."

"What!" cried the Earl's daughter. "Then what make you here in the town's market, with the thing in your creel and nought beside?"

"I sit here," says the man, "to get me a wife."

"There is no sense in any of these answers," thought the Earl's daughter; "and I could find it in my heart to weep."

By came the Earl upon that; and she called him and told him all. And when he had heard, he was of his daughter's mind that this should be a thing of virtue; and charged the man to set a price upon the thing, or else be hanged upon the gallows; and that was near at hand, so that the man could see it.

"The way of life is straight like the grooves of launching," quoth the man. "And if I am to be hanged let me be hanged."

"Why!" cried the Earl, "will you set your neck against a shoe of a horse, and it rusty?"

"In my thought," said the man, "one thing is as good as another in this world; and a shoe of a horse will do."

"This can never be," thought the Earl; and he stood and looked upon the man, and bit his beard.

And the man looked up at him and smiled. "It was

so my fathers did in the ancient ages," quoth he to the Earl, " and I have neither a better reason nor a worse."

" There is no sense in any of this," thought the Earl, " and I must be growing old." So he had his daughter on one side, and says he : " Many suitors have you denied, my child. But here is a very strange matter that a man should cling so to a shoe of a horse, and it rusty ; and that he should offer it like a thing on sale, and yet not sell it ; and that he should sit there seeking a wife. If I come not to the bottom of this thing, I shall have no more pleasure in bread ; and I can see no way, but either I should hang or you should marry him."

" By my troth, but he is bitter ugly," said the Earl's daughter. " How if the gallows be so near at hand ? "

" It was not so," said the Earl, " that my fathers did in the ancient ages. I am like the man, and can give you neither a better reason nor a worse. But do you, prithee, speak with him again."

So the Earl's daughter spoke to the man. " If you were not so bitter ugly," quoth she, " my father the Earl would have us marry."

" Bitter ugly am I," said the man, " and you as fair as May. Bitter ugly I am, and what of that ? It was so my fathers——"

" In the name of God," said the Earl's daughter, " let your fathers be ! "

" If I had done that," said the man, " you had never been chaffering with me here in the market, nor your father the Earl watching with the end of his eye."

" But come," quoth the Earl's daughter, " this is a very strange thing, that you would have me wed for a shoe of a horse, and it rusty."

" In my thought," quoth the man, " one thing is as good——"

" Oh, spare me that," said the Earl's daughter, " and tell me why I should marry."

" Listen and look," said the man.

Now the wind blew through the Poor Thing like an infant crying, so that her heart was melted ; and her

eyes were unsealed, and she was aware of the thing as it were a babe unmothered, and she took it to her arms, and it melted in her arms like the air.

"Come," said the man, "behold a vision of our children, the busy hearth, and the white heads. And let that suffice, for it is all God offers."

"I have no delight in it," said she; but with that she sighed.

"The ways of life are straight like the grooves of launching," said the man; and he took her by the hand.

"And what shall we do with the horseshoe?" quoth she.

"I will give it to your father," said the man; "and he can make a kirk and a mill of it for me."

It came to pass in time that the Poor Thing was born; but memory of these matters slept within him, and he knew not that which he had done. But he was a part of the eldest son; rejoicing manfully to launch the boat into the surf, skilful to direct the helm, and a man of might where the ring closes and the blows are going.

XIX

THE SONG OF THE MORROW

THE King of Duntrine had a daughter when he was old, and she was the fairest King's daughter between two seas; her hair was like spun gold, and her eyes like pools in a river; and the King gave her a castle upon the sea beach, with a terrace, and a court of the hewn stone, and four towers at the four corners. Here she dwelt and grew up, and had no care for the morrow, and no power upon the hour, after the manner of simple men.

It befell that she walked one day by the beach of the sea, when it was autumn, and the wind blew from the place of rains; and upon the one hand of her the sea beat, and upon the other the dead leaves ran. This was

the loneliest beach between two seas, and strange things had been done there in the ancient ages. Now the King's daughter was aware of a crone that sat upon the beach. The sea foam ran to her feet, and the dead leaves swarmed about her back, and the rags blew about her face in the blowing of the wind.

"Now," said the King's daughter, and she named a holy name, "this is the most unhappy old crone between two seas."

"Daughter of a King," said the crone, "you dwell in a stone house, and your hair is like the gold: but what is your profit? Life is not long, nor lives strong; and you live after the way of simple men, and have no thought for the morrow, and no power upon the hour."

"Thought for the morrow, that I have," said the King's daughter; "but power upon the hour, that have I not." And she mused with herself.

Then the crone smote her lean hands one within the other, and laughed like a sea-gull. "Home!" cried she. "O daughter of a King, home to your stone house; for the longing is come upon you now, nor can you live any more after the manner of simple men. Home, and toil and suffer, till the gift come that will make you bare, and till the man come that will bring you care."

The King's daughter made no more ado, but she turned about and went home to her house in silence. And when she was come into her chamber she called for her nurse.

"Nurse," said the King's daughter, "thought is come upon me for the morrow, so that I can live no more after the manner of simple men. Tell me what I must do that I may have power upon the hour."

Then the nurse moaned like a snow wind. "Alas!" said she, "that this thing should be; but the thought is gone into your marrow, nor is there any cure against the thought. Be it so, then, even as you will; though power is less than weakness, power shall you have; and though the thought is colder than winter, yet shall you think it to an end."

So the King's daughter sat in her vaulted chamber in the masoned house, and she thought upon the thought. Nine years she sat; and the sea beat upon the terrace, and the gulls cried about the turrets, and wind crooned in the chimneys of the house. Nine years she came not abroad, nor tasted the clean air, neither saw God's sky. Nine years she sat and looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor heard speech of any one, but thought upon the thought of the morrow. And her nurse fed her in silence, and she took of the food with her left hand, and ate it without grace.

Now when the nine years were out, it fell dusk in the autumn, and there came a sound in the wind like a sound of piping. At that the nurse lifted up her finger in the vaulted house.

"I hear a sound in the wind," said she, "that is like the sound of piping."

"It is but a little sound," said the King's daughter, "but yet is it enough for me."

So they went down in the dusk to the doors of the house, and along the beach of the sea. And the waves beat upon the one hand, and upon the other the dead leaves ran; and the clouds raced in the sky, and the gulls flew widdershins. And when they came to that part of the beach where strange things had been done in the ancient ages, lo, there was the crone, and she was dancing widdershins.

"What makes you dance widdershins, old crone?" said the King's daughter; "here upon the bleak beach, between the waves and the dead leaves?"

"I hear a sound in the wind that is like a sound of piping," quoth she. "And it is for that that I dance widdershins. For the gift comes that will make you bare, and the man comes that must bring you care. But for me the morrow is come that I have thought upon, and the hour of my power."

"How comes it, crone," said the King's daughter, "that you waver like a rag, and pale like a dead leaf before my eyes?"

"Because the morrow has come that I have thought

upon, and the hour of my power," said the crone; and she fell on the beach, and, lo! she was but stalks of the sea tangle, and dust of the sea sand, and the sand lice hopped upon the place of her.

"This is the strangest thing that befell between two seas," said the King's daughter of Duntrine.

But the nurse broke out and moaned like an autumn gale. "I am weary of the wind," quoth she; and she bewailed her day.

The King's daughter was aware of a man upon the beach; he went hooded so that none might perceive his face, and a pipe was underneath his arm. The sound of his pipe was like singing wasps, and like the wind that sings in windlestraw; and it took hold upon men's ears like the crying of gulls.

"Are you the comer?" quoth the King's daughter of Duntrine.

"I am the comer," said he, "and these are the pipes that a man may hear, and I have power upon the hour, and this is the song of the morrow." And he piped the song of the morrow, and it was as long as years; and the nurse wept out aloud at the hearing of it.

"This is true," said the King's daughter, "that you pipe the song of the morrow; but that ye have power upon the hour, how may I know that? Show me a marvel here upon the beach, between the waves and the dead leaves."

And the man said, "Upon whom?"

"Here is my nurse," quoth the King's daughter. "She is weary of the wind. Show me a good marvel upon her."

And, lo! the nurse fell upon the beach as it were two handfuls of dead leaves, and the wind whirled them widdershins, and the sand lice hopped between.

"It is true," said the King's daughter of Duntrine; "you are the comer, and you have power upon the hour. Come with me to my stone house."

So they went by the sea margin, and the man piped the song of the morrow, and the leaves followed behind

them as they went. Then they sat down together ; and the sea beat on the terrace, and the gulls cried about the towers, and the wind crooned in the chimneys of the house. Nine years they sat, and every year when it fell autumn, the man said, " This is the hour, and I have power in it " ; and the daughter of the King said, " Nay, but pipe me the song of the morrow." And he piped it, and it was long like years.

Now when the nine years were gone, the King's daughter of Duntrine got her to her feet, like one that remembers ; and she looked about her in the masoned house ; and all her servants were gone ; only the man that piped sat upon the terrace with the hand upon his face ; and as he piped the leaves ran about the terrace and the sea beat along the wall. Then she cried to him with a great voice, " This is the hour, and let me see the power in it." And with that the wind blew off the hood from the man's face, and, lo ! there was no man there, only the clothes and the hood and the pipes tumbled one upon another in a corner of the terrace, and the dead leaves ran over them.

And the King's daughter of Duntrine got her to that part of the beach where strange things had been done in the ancient ages ; and there she sat her down. The sea foam ran to her feet, and the dead leaves swarmed about her back, and the veil blew about her face in the blowing of the wind. And when she lifted up her eyes, there was the daughter of a King come walking on the beach. Her hair was like the spun gold, and her eyes like pools in a river, and she had no thought for the morrow and no power upon the hour, after the manner of simple men.

WHEN THE DEVIL WAS WELL

In a letter of January, 1875, to Mrs. Sitwell, Stevenson writes: "I am so happy. I am no longer here in Edinburgh. I have been all yesterday evening and this afternoon in Italy, four hundred years ago, with one Sanazarro, sculptor, painter, poet, etc., and one Ippolita, a beautiful Duchess. O, I like it badly! I wish you could hear it at once; or rather I wish you could see it immediately in beautiful type on such a page as it ought to be, in my first little volume of stories. What a change this is from collecting dull notes for *John Knox* as I have been all the early part of the week—the difference between life and death . . . vous verrez, and if you don't like this story—well, I give it up if you don't like it. Not but what there's a long way to travel yet; I am no farther than the threshold; I have only set the men, and the game is still to be played, and a lot of dim notions must become definite and shapely, and a deal be clear to me that is anything but clear as yet. The story shall be called, I think, *When the Devil was Well,* in allusion to the old proverb."

Sir Sidney Colvin tells us that the "Italian story so delightfully begun was by and by condemned and destroyed like all the others of this time." Sir Graham Balfour, Stevenson's biographer, who assigns the beginning of the tale to the close of 1874, merely says that it "was finished the next year, and the unfavourable opinion of his friends was accepted as final." That this tale, one of the earliest pieces of fiction written by Stevenson, did not perish is now amply demonstrated, and perhaps it was preserved because at least one early reader was sufficiently enthusiastic to write on the last page of the manuscript, "Bravissimo, caro mio!"

WHEN THE DEVIL WAS WELL

WHEN Duke Orsino had finally worn out the endurance of his young wife Ippolita, he made no opposition to her departure from the palace, and even had her escorted with all honour to the nunnery among the hills, which she had chosen for her retreat. Here, the good soul began to heal herself of all the slights that had been put upon her in these last years ; and day by day, she grew to a greater quietness of spirit, and a more deep contentment in the little sunshiny, placid ways of convent life ; until it seemed to her as if all the din and passion, all the smoke and stir of that dim spot that men call earth, had passed too far away from her to move her any more. It seemed as if life were quite ended for her, and yet, in a new sense, beginning. As day followed day, without violence, without distrust, without the poor falsehood or the poor pomp of a court life she seemed to breathe in renovation, and grow ever stronger and ever the more peaceful at heart. And yet the third year had not come to an end, before this peace was overthrown. For about that time it chanced that there was a new great altar-piece needed for the convent chapel ; and so the authorities sent for a young sculptor, who (as was possible in these grand days) was a bit of a painter also, and a bit of an architect too, for the matter of that, and, for that matter, he could turn a sonnet as well as another, or touch a lute. One morning, after Sanazarro (for that was the sculptor's name) had been the matter of a week about his picture, he chanced to look out of his window in the early morning, while Ippolita went to and fro in the garden reading. He looked at her carelessly enough at first ; but he was so taken.

before she left the garden, with the dignity and delicacy of her shape, and a certain large and tranquil sorrow in her face, that he made an oath to himself inwardly not to leave the convent until he had seen more of this sweet nun. And so that day nothing would go right with his altar-piece, it seemed. He painted in and painted out, till it was hard to divine what he was after ; and by evening, the canvas looked altogether different, and there was a great bald space now, where before there had been much finished work. You see, he had to change his whole composition, before he could make room for another full-length figure.

The next morning, before the sun rose, he was at his window ; and again the beautiful nun walked for an hour or two about the convent garden, not reading this time, but stooping here and there among the borders to pluck flowers, following butterflies to and fro with a sort of grave curiosity, standing to listen for long times together to a bird on one of the cypresses, and looking out, with gladness in her eyes, on the long peep of woodland and falling vale that opened through the mountains towards the south. This decided him for good and all ; he would have the painting of that nun, he told himself, if it cost him his fingernails. So he desired an audience of the Lady Abbess, and told her roundly enough, that he could do no more without a proper model for the angel in the right-hand corner. The poor Superior was in consternation, and wondered if he could by no means find what he needed in the neighbourhood.

" We have the very thing here under our own eyes," said Sanazarro, with a little sigh. " But I suppose it may not be—she is a nun." The Abbess was properly scandalized, and informed him that, in accordance with their strict rule, he had never—no, not so much as for one moment—seen the face of any of the religious of that house.

" Nun or no nun," he returned, " my model walks up and down the garden every morning in a nun's habit."

" Ah, Signor, that is no nun," said the Abbess ; " that

is the Duchess of Orsino, a very great lady, and so piously given that she lives here with us, by permission of her husband, the Duke. But our end is none the better served. We cannot ask a great princess that she should hold up her face to you while you paint."

"And yet the end is God's Glory," said Sanazarro, as though he were thinking to himself.

"It is not as if it were a mythological subject, or a mere portrait."

"By no means," said the Abbess.

"And so, if she be piously given—you said she was given piously?"

"A perfect angel!" said the Abbess, casting up her eyes.

"In short," concluded Sanazarro, in a tone that did not admit of question, "if she will not so far discompose herself for God's service and the zeal of this house, there is no other help for it, nothing else is here that would serve my end, and I must go for some weeks' study to the town." And he made as if he was going out.

Now, the Abbess, as he knew very well, desired to have the new altar-piece against a certain festival, and would go a long way to bring about her fancy. "I will speak at once with the Duchess," she said. And as this was all the young sculptor could expect, he bowed and went back to his work in so fine a flutter of expectation that he could scarce hold his pencils. He had not been many minutes over his canvas, ere he was bidden by the old gardener to speak with her Grace. She was lodged in a small pavilion, decorated with her own hand and stored with books and materials for embroidery, and instruments of music. You may be quite sure her heart beat as hard as Sanazarro's at the thought of this interview, for it was some years since she had spoken with any besides the good quiet women of the convent, women whose time was measured out to them by the bell for offices, the Mulberry harvest, and the Archbishop's annual visit. He made her a very handsome salutation, which she returned to him with dignity; and after a few moments of talk, she addressed

the Abbess, who stood by, and told her she would love so much to see the progress of the picture that she was willing to let herself be painted, as a sort of price. "You will see that you make me fair enough, Signor," she added with a little laugh.

The Abbess was usually present at their sittings, and while she was there, there was much talk between the sculptor and the Duchess. When they were left alone, they spoke less and with less freedom; Sanazarro grew shamefast, and bent over his painting, and often, when he raised his eyes with intent to speak, there was something in her face that discouraged him and made the words die on his lips: they were never the right words somehow. It was a pleasant time for both. There was the great shadowed room, with a flicker of vine leaves at the stanchioned window; the canvas dyed in gold and amethyst and peopled with many speaking countenances of saints and angels; and these two beautiful young folk, thinking silently of each other with downcast eyes, or courting, unconsciously to themselves, in the grave presence of the nun. And when from time to time, a puff of wind would bring in to them the odour of the limes, or a bell would ring for some office, and they could hear the organ and chanting from the chapel, these things would fall so exactly into the vein of their sweet talk that they seemed to be a part of it; and the two were grateful, each to the other, for the pleasure of them. Ippolita grew to be all in all to Sanazarro; and he, in his turn, was all in all to her. When there came a messenger from the city, telling her that there were some signs of a good change in her husband's disposition, she was glad indeed, in a saintly, sisterly sort of way, for the sake of the man who had so much injured her; but all the gladness and the gratitude went down somehow to the account of Sanazarro and she loved him the better for the good news.

One morning, as Ippolita was walking as usual in the sloping garden, she raised her eyes by chance and met those of Sanazarro intently following her as she went. Both started. The sculptor withdrew his head; and when

again he ventured to peep forth, the Duchess had recovered her composure and was walking to and fro among the borders as before, with just a little touch of added dignity in her carriage. She left the garden half an hour sooner than was her custom. That day the sitting was rather nervous work; and when the Abbess left them alone together for a while, although the embarrassment of the silence grew almost unendurable, they did not exchange one word till she returned. The next morning, Sanazarro waited and waited at the window; the bees and butterflies came and went among the blossoms, the sunlit garden was flickered over with the swift shadows of flying swallows, the doves crooned on the gutter overhead, the gardener came and dug a while under the window and sang to his work in a cracked voice;—but there was no Ippolita. You may fancy if the painting went heavily all that day; the two young folk were so tongue-tied, that the Abbess had the talk all her own way, and taught them recipes for possets and cordials and dressings to lay upon fresh wounds, and told them tales of her sainted predecessor, Monna Francesca, until it was time to separate. But on the third morning, Ippolita appeared again with heightened colour and a sweet consciousness of gait. For some time she avoided that part of the garden which was looked upon by Sanazarro's lodging, but at last (as though she thought there was a sort of confession in too much diffidence) she began to draw near to it with eyes fixed upon the walk. Nay, she stood a long while immediately underneath, pulling a rose in pieces in an absent, doubtful manner; once, even, she raised her head a little, as though she would fain be certain whether or not she was observed, and then thinking better of it, changed colour and walked off again with all imaginable dignity and gait. Never were two people met in such adorable spirits, as these two that afternoon; and the Abbess had sometimes to dry her eyes and sometimes to hold her sides for laughing—they talked with such gaiety and passion on all manner of things, sad and merry and beautiful. The next day, as Ippolita drew near, there fluttered down in the sunshine, out of Sanazarro's

window, a little open leaf of white paper with some writing on it. Looking up covertly, while yet she was some distance off, she saw the sculptor's face was there no longer; and so, telling herself all manner of good, wise reasons for the folly, she came forward hurriedly and snatched up the treasure and put it in the bosom of her dress. It was a sonnet written as Sanazarro knew how, clear and strong in form, and of a dainty turn, in which he addressed some unknown goddess who had made the world a new world for him, and given him a new acquaintance with his soul.

All this time, you will ask me, where were the Abbess's eyes? She was a simple creature, indeed, but I do think the good soul had her own suspicions, and I believe the whole business cost her many a God-forgive-me, and that she atoned by secret penances for the little indulgences, the little opportunities of private talk that she was wont to make for the two lovers. You may join the strictest order on the face of the earth; but if you are a good-hearted, sentimental old maid, you will be a good-hearted, sentimental old maid to the end. And all this time, there passed no word of love between the pair. Something about Ippolita imposed upon Sanazarro, and withheld him, and had so much changed him, indeed, that he scarcely recognized himself. Only a strange familiarity and confidence grew up, and, when they were alone, they told each other all the secret troubles of their past lives, and Ippolita would lean upon his chair to see him paint. At last one day, as summer drew near to its meridian, and the picture, in spite of all dallying, grew and grew hourly towards accomplishment, Ippolita came, and leant after this fashion on Sanazarro's chair. He could feel her touch upon his shoulder, and her breath stirred his hair as it came and went. A film stood before his eyes, he could paint no longer; and thus they remained for some troubled seconds in silence. Then Sanazarro laid down his palette and brushes, and stood up and turned round to her and took both her hands in his. The sight of her face, white and frightened and expectant, with mild eyes, and a tremulous underlip—the sight of her face was to him as if he had

seen the thoughts of his own heart in a mirror. Their mouths joined, with a shudder, in one long kiss. This was the time when Sanazarro should have died. A man should die, when he has saved a life, or finished a great work, or set the first kiss upon his lady's lips ; at one of those short seasons when he feels as if he had attained to the summit of attainment, and had no more to live for. It was Ippolita who came soonest to herself ; she plucked her lips away from his, and laid her hand confidently on his shoulder : " Now, dear," she said, " you must go away —You must not see me more—Work, and think sometimes of me ; and I shall pray and think of you."

After that, the Duchess gave Sanazarro no more sittings. He finished his picture in a week, working at it without rest or intermission, and took leave of the good Abbess, and went forth again into the world with great happiness and sorrow in his heart. As he went down that beautiful reach of valley that was visible from the convent garden, he stopped often to look back. He could see its congregated roofs and the chapel belfry shine in the sunlight among the black pines, under the glaring dusty shoulder of the hill. He looked back into that narrow crevice, and then forth and on where the widening valley showed him many fruitful counties and famous cities and the far-off brightness of the Adriatic beyond all ; and he thought how he left his soul behind him in that cleft of the big hills, and how all these kingdoms of the earth that lay outspread below, could offer him nothing that he loved or coveted. It was no wonder if his horse went slowly.

Duke Orsino had been long ailing ; it was months since he had withdrawn from war and gallantry ; these months had each brought with them some new token of failing strength, and he had been confined first to the garden, and next to the studio and the great gallery, and then to his own room. For three weeks now he had been bedridden. And just as the splendour and vigour of the life of the Palazzo had declined at first, step by step with his declining health, there began now a sort of contrary move-

ment ; and as he grew ever worse, the steps of the religious were more common on the marble staircase, a haunting odour of incense hung about the house, and the work of the new chapel was pushed on with the more energy day by day. A young statuary had come recently from Florence for the greater decoration of the tomb in the south aisle ; and the sound of himself and his workmen singing gaily over the clay or the marble, stole through the house and fell often upon my lord's ear, as he lay, propped upon pillows, thumbing and muttering over his *Book of Hours*. Among other signs that the Duke's sands were running low, the Duchess had been recalled from the nunnery where she had lived so many years sequestrated, and the brilliant Isotta had gone forth reluctantly from the Palazzo, followed by a train of dissolute attendants and many brawny porters bearing chests. Orsino was going to make a very reputable end, it appeared, to a not very reputable life. Large sums were given daily to the poor. He was to be reconciled before he died (so went the rumour) to his old enemy Bartolomeo della Scala, whom he had driven out of the town in old years, and who had since crossed him in love and war, and outrivalled him in splendour of living and ostentatious patronage of art.

Towards the end of January, as Sanazarro (for he was the sculptor) was passing through the vestibule after his day's work, he was aware of an unusual bustle in the palace, and saw many shaven heads coming and going between the door and the quarter of the house where the Duke's sick-room was situated. Priests and monks kept passing out and in, by pairs or little companies, talking away to each other with much eagerness and a great show of secrecy. Sanazarro was not used to see so many visitors in this sad house, and stood aside between two pillars to see if there was any end to the thoroughfare. "Death must be drawing near," he thought to himself, "when so many crows are gathered together." And yet they all looked merry enough and hopeful ; and what he could catch of their talk, was not what would be looked for in the mouths of persons leaving a perilous sick bed. Two

words occurred so often that he ended by putting them together. If he did not hear "miracle," he heard "to-morrow"; if no one said "to-morrow," some one would say "miracle." It looked as if they expected some wonderful event on the next day; perhaps the restoration of Orsino's health. And yet he had touched a sight of relics, since first he fell sick, without much benefit; and seen so many doctors, that you would have thought there were no more left in Italy for him to consult.

At last, there was an end of priests and monks; the palace seemed to have disgorged itself of ecclesiastics; and as no more came from without to take their places, Sanazarro quitted his post of watch and went down the street with that something of a swagger that befitted his beautiful person, his fine clothes, and his growing repute as an artist. "A miracle to-morrow!" he thought to himself, with a little smile. "And a very good time for it—unless it were the day after!"

It was sunset when he got out of the city gate. The day was drawing to a close in a sort of sober splendour, without much colour, but with a wonderful parade of light. The western sky was all one space of clear gold; the eastern sky was tinged with a faint green behind certain purple hills; overhead, a star or two had come forth and were already large and bright. The undulating olive grounds lay about him in blue shadow, and grew darker moment by moment. He sat down by a wayside crucifix, and fell to thinking of many things, and, I dare say, among others, of the nunnery in the hills, and the sloping garden where Ippolita used to walk. He had seen her, that day, and saluted her in silence as usual; for many days, these two had lived under the same roof, without the exchange of a word or so much as a look of intelligence. As he thus sat brooding, there was a faint sound far away upon the road, that grew rapidly louder, until Bartolomeo della Scala came up between the olive woods, with many horsemen about him. He stopped as he came alongside of Sanazarro; for the fantastic dress of the sculptor made him easily known even at dusk; and taking off his hat with

ironical courtesy, demanded how it went with his present patron.

"Why, my lord," answered Sanazarro, "it goes with him even as I would have it go with you, and all other my good friends and patrons. He is like to outstrip us. He will have the choice of rooms before us, my lord, in Paradise."

"Ay, ay," said Bartolomeo, "I am overjoyed to hear it, Master Sanazarro. See that he does not outstrip you in yet another way. See that you have the tomb ready for the good man. I would not have him begin the new life in an ill-aired bed. I pray God"—and here he crossed himself with much appearance of devotion—"I pray God, although the time be short, I may yet have a chance of sending some one of his house before him to warm the sheets somewhat."

"You had best not be over-confident," returned Sanazarro; for he was growing irritated. Little as he loved Orsino, he was a better patron than La Scala; and this he knew well, for he had done work for both in his time. "You had best not be over-confident. There is a talk of miracles in the Palace."

"Truly," returned Bartolomeo, "I am not afraid of miracles. If God is willing to interfere, so am I. Miracles, Master Sanazarro, are packed now-a-days in the holds of ships for Venice, and come over the hills at a horseman's girdle. Storms may wreck the ship, and then God help the poor miracle at the bottom of the sea. Ay—and strong men can stop the post."

And so saying, and with another ironical obeisance, Bartolomeo wheeled his party round and went off by the way he had come. He left Sanazarro's head pretty busy; it was plain that La Scala understood the meaning of his own random answer better than he did himself; and as he thought the thing over, it became plain also that the occasion of this expected miracle, whether new medicine or old and holy relic, was on the way that night from Venice, and it was to intercept it that La Scala scoured the roads at evening with his horsemen. Sanazarro did

not love the Duke, as I have said; but neither did he altogether hate him. He was a troubled recollection to him, as of a man sick and captious, but not without moments of graceful complaisance, and instinct with an exquisite sensibility to art, such as the true artist might imagine in a patron whilst he dreamed. So far, the scale lay in favour of Orsino. But there was another consideration as the reader knows, there was more perilous stuff in the cauldron. . . .

Sanazarro went back to the Palace in a humour of lowering doubt; and meeting Ippolita's maid on the stair, he wrote a few lines on a tablet and gave it to her to take to her mistress. She came to him where he waited, in the anteroom, and gave him her hand simply. His heart was in his mouth, and he dared scarcely trust himself to take the hand she offered. Her eyes told him plainly that she still loved. They stood thus for a few seconds, looking on each other sadly. Then Ippolita withdrew her hand.

"Dear friend," she said, "we must be brave and faithful. What would you have of me?"

He told her all that he had seen and heard, and what had been his own conclusion.

"You have guessed aright," she said. "There must be treachery in the house, since La Scala knows so much."

"Where there are so many priests, there must be some treason," replied Sanazarro. "Let that rest. Time presses. What is to be done?"

"There are few men in the house," she answered. "Cosmo has gone westward with a great party to divert attention; that was thought more politic than an escort. The Major Domo must go to meet the messenger with as strong a following as he can raise; and as he is a weak man and not wise, you will go with him."

"Death of my body, Signora, you must think me very good!" he cried.

"I know you are very good," she answered simply.

Sanazarro put his hat on, which was of course against all etiquette, and held his hand out to her with a smile.

"You are right, good angel," he said. "I shall go; I do not wish his death, God knows; and he shall have the medicine if I can get it for him."

"It is not medicine," she replied; "it is water from the holy Jordan." Sanazarro laughed outright; he felt more pleasure in the mission after that.

Ippolita put her hand on his shoulder with a caress that went all through him. "Dear friend, pardon me," she said. "You must uncover before I call the Major Domo."

The blood flew into Sanazarro's face, as he obeyed.

"Nay, dear," she said appealingly, "it is not of my will, it is what must be between us. God knows to which of us it is most hard."

"I do not complain," he said (but his voice was not his own voice). "I am a poor artist only, although I come of no mean blood. Your Grace——"

"You are not generous, Sanazarro." And she put her hand to her heart. Sanazarro's conscience smote him, but before he could command himself enough to speak, she had summoned the Major Domo and their privacy was at an end.

There was such a devil of remorse and irritation in Sanazarro's heart that night, that he could have fought with his born brother. The small body of troopers, led by the Major Domo and himself, met the messenger coming leisurely down the road about the stroke of midnight, some fifteen miles from town. They made him quicken his pace; poor fellow, he could scarcely command his horse for terror, for he was noways martial and did not relish the idea of bare swords. About a mile on that side of the town, La Scala fell suddenly upon them in the darkness. The two troops went together at full gallop with a shout. But the Orsini were of the lighter metal, and went down before the others. The old Major Domo was cut to the saddle by Bartolomeo. Sanazarro felt his horse fall, and then a storm of hoofs go over him,—and then no more. The rest of the party was broken up and scattered like chaff; they were pursued far down the road,

till they were glad to throw themselves from their horses and take to the brush like hares. Young La Scala, Gian Pietro the beautiful, as people called him for his fair body, dismounted and went about the road on foot, despatching such of the wounded as still showed signs of life. One man, whom he detected crawling away towards the roadside, wailed most piteously for quarter. "I have what you want," he cried (for it was the messenger himself); "I can give you the bottle, good gentleman. Spare my life, and you shall have the bottle." Gian Pietro was delighted; he got the bottle first and then passed his sword through the poor messenger's body. The party was called back from the pursuit by the sound of a trumpet, and then returned in great exaltation of spirit towards the town.

Meantime Orsino was preparing himself against the miracle of the morning. He had fasted faithfully all that day, and he now sat up talking earnestly with his spiritual director. By the order of his physician, he had just swallowed a little wine. His eyes shone with a singular lustre; the skin of his face was stretched tightly over his prominent cheek-bones and high forehead; there was a drawing round about his lips, moreover, that had the effect from a little distance of a permanent smile, and gave him a crafty, treacherous look that was well enough in harmony with his past career. For the Duke had been a man of single wickedness; there was much blood upon his hands; he had been faithless, cruel, dissolute, and rapacious. It was no wonder that he professed himself doubtful of a miracle in his behalf, laying one thin hand, as he spoke, on his director's arm.

"When I look back on my past life," he said, "it seems to me impious, father, and in a manner a sacrilege, to give the water of this blessed river to so vile a sinner. But God reads the heart, father—God knows the inmost thought. And if I desire to be restored, it is that I may undo some of the ill I have wrought. There is my wife. . . .

"I shall make her amends in the future for all she has suffered from me in the past; she shall have one of my

castles and a fourth portion of my revenue. She shall keep a court, if she will."

"This is nothing to the purpose, son. You must be a good husband to her."

"I will be a good husband to her," returned the Duke submissively. "And then," he continued, "there is Bartolomeo. I have injured him grievously, and in so doing, I have hurt my own family and wronged the interest of the town. There must be peace between us."

"There must be peace, my son," echoed the director solemnly.

"There shall be, father," said the Duke decisively. "And then there are the lands I took from the Cafarelli."

"—And the pictures you took from the convent of Santa Felice."

"—And my brother's son whom I have hitherto defrauded."

"—And the heretics whom hitherto you have not persecuted with godly zeal."

"—And the heretics, father; they shall not be tolerated one day longer."

"I suspect Sanazarro," said the director.

"He is an artist," replied the Duke.

"Nevertheless," continued the priest, "my conscience will not be easy until, with your grace's permission, I have examined him a little on the rack."

"Passion of God!" cried the Duke, "he shall finish my tomb first!" The director held up his hand, and regarded his penitent with a terrible severity of countenance. "My son," he said, "my son, you are beside yourself." The Duke clasped his hands and asked forgiveness audibly through the intercession of a score of saints and the blessed Virgin. "You shall have the racking of him when you will," he said; "and you may burn him afterwards, if so the Church desires. Fear not, father, I shall do my duty, all carnal affections set aside."

Just about this time (for it was now late, or rather early) a fugitive found his way back from the rout of the Major-Domo's expedition, and was brought up with a white

face to where the Duchess sat waiting impatiently for news. When she heard what the man had to say, she became as white as he.

"And Sanazarro?" she asked.

"Dead, Signora," said the man. "I was the only one who escaped. They are devils incarnate—they would let none of us away."

"This will be a great pain to the Duke," she said. "His tomb cannot be finished by the same hand." And she laughed a little with rather a terrifying laugh. Then she gave orders that every man in the Palazzo capable of bearing arms, should go forth and bring in the wounded; and no sooner was she alone, than she fell against the wall and fainted.

Some rumour of this conversation came into the Duke's room and disturbed his repentant ecstasies. The director opened the door by his command, and called out to know if anything were amiss; but as there was no one in the antechamber but the Duchess, and she was already insensible, he concluded their alarm had been vain; and priest and penitent fell once more to their exercises.

"Beyond question," said Orsino, "nothing can fall out but with God's will."

"He holds the earth, my son, in the hollow of his hand—blessed be the name of the Lord." And the priest crossed himself devoutly.

"He will not refuse a repentant sinner?" asked Orsino.

"Not if he repent truly," answered the priest.

"And what are the signs of a true repentance? If it be enough to abhor vehemently all our former sins, and thirst after a renewal of life, not for further occasion of pleasure, but that we may undo the evil we have already brought about, then am I truly repentant."

"You must do more than that, my son. You must redeem the past by suitable penance."

"Father, I will become a monk and beg my bread from door to door, with a cord about my waist."

"You forget, my son; you are married," objected the priest.

"I will become a monk as soon as my wife dies, then," returned the Duke.

The confessor blew his nose; it was somewhat difficult to know what to say to this amended proposition; so he blew his nose as I say, and took up another subject.

"You must become veritably reconciled to the Lord La Scala."

"Indeed, there is nothing I desire more fervently," replied the Duke. "I would fain leave this town in possession of quiet and plenty. I, who have so often carried war through its streets, I would fain show to all men the example of placability and Christian comeliness of behaviour. I will lead in La Scala by the hand, and ask pardon for all my injuries on my knees in the public market place. I would be wept by the people when I come to die, and be called 'the good Duke' for years and years thereafter. O father, it changes all a man's fancies, let him but once see death in the face; there is a look in that white countenance that sobers him of all vanities and notions. I would sooner have a good conscience, as God sees me, than the most beautiful of statues, or the rarest manuscript, or ten strong towns. Father, my penitence is real, is it not? Let us pray that it is."

While they were both praying, there came a knock at the door, and a valet came in with a bottle and a folded letter.

"You will read it for me, father," said Orsino.

The priest glanced his eye over the paper, and then crossed himself. "My son," he said, "the way is paven for your reconciliation. God is willing to spare you, being truly penitent, all needless humbling; and has moved my Lord Bartolomeo to take the first step. For listen how he writes: 'My Lord, certain of my men have overthrown certain of yours this evening, in fair fight. From one of those who fell, they took a bottle, which, upon my learning that it contained water from the Jordan for the healing of your disease, I herewith return to its rightful owner. I do not make war upon sick men.' Let us give thanks to God," added the priest.

But Orsino was in no humour to thank God. " Who brought this pasquil, Lippo ? " he demanded angrily of the valet.

" My lord, it was my lord Gian Pietro with his own hand," replied the servant.

" Perdition on his head ! Over the window with it. Passion of God, do you hear me, priest ? Over the window with the thing ! "

" My lord, this water from the holy river——"

" Water from the accursed bottom of Hell ! "

" My lord Duke ! " expostulated the priest.

" My lord Devily ! " retorted Orsino. " Give the flask to me."

" Nay, my lord, not so : it is an holy relic."

" An holy relic of Saint-Gian-Pietro ! I will lay my living soul, it is five parts poison."

" My lord, you wrong yourself in judging so hardly of others. I will drink one half of it gladly to set your evil phantasy at rest. Is this all your penitence ? It seems somewhat short of breath."

Orsino was smitten with remorse at these words, and fell industriously to praying and beating his bosom ; and as in the course of these improving exercises, he came somewhat to himself, he was astonished to find that, in the heat of his passion, he had turned round in bed and was now sitting with his feet hanging over the edge and his back unsupported. For near a month, he had been too much paralysed to make so great a movement.

" Good father," he cried—he had fallen back again into his whining vein—" Good father, how can this be ? I have moved myself in bed—I am half out of it. Christ be merciful to me a sinner !—What should this portend ? For the love of God, father, lift me back into my place."

" It is a sign to you, my son," said the confessor, " what you may hope through the blessed instrumentality of this water. If even its presence in the room with you has had this potently restorative influence, what may you not hope when you partake of it, fasting from bread and with a clean conscience ! "

" I should desire, nevertheless," said the Duke, leaning back again in his former attitude, and closing his eyes with a look of luxurious wiliness, not unlike a cat's, " I should desire, nevertheless, that you should do as you suggested, and drink the half of it this evening. My life is precious ; I have a duty to the world, were it only to right the wrongs that I have done. I could then drink the other half, with a clear conscience as you say, to-morrow."

The ecclesiastic uncorked the bottle and poured the half of it into a glass.

" Nay, nay," said Orsino, " put that back again a moment and shake it up. The poison might be precipitated to the bottom," he added knowingly.

The priest did as he was told, and drank off the water without fear. He made a wry face. " It is bitter indeed in the mouth," he said ; " but after it is down, sweeter than honey."

Orsino watched him sharply for a moment or so, and then gave a sigh of relief. At least it was not immediately fatal. " And now, father, I shall go to sleep," he said : " We are never more sinless than when we slumber. You will watch and pray for me in the oratory there. And keep the curtain looped—I would not willingly feel myself alone, when I am awake."

Sanazarro made a rare escape. He was stunned and badly bruised, but had not a broken bone in his whole body ; and the surgeon who examined him did not know whether to marvel more at the slightness of the injuries, considering how they had been got, or at the easy way in which the sculptor bore them, as grave as they were. But Sanazarro's body was of iron ; the man who did such great work when he was in his seventh decade was not like to fever or sicken of a few bruises at six and twenty. You may imagine how glad Ippolita was to hear this news, and how earnestly she longed to visit Sanazarro's bedside. Two or three more wounded had been found still alive ; and she went to the bedside of each of these and sat a little while and gave them cordials and good words. She

was very glad, as she drew near Sanazarro's chamber door, that she had ever made it her habit to go about freely amongst those who had been wounded in her husband's service. It had been heretofore an irksome and distasteful duty with her; but now virtue was recompensed, and she could go to Sanazarro without fear of scandal. He turned round in bed and began to ask pardon eagerly for his cruel behaviour of the night before; but she stopped him at once, telling him not to spoil their few quiet moments by such inharmonious comments, and sitting down beside him, took his hand in one of hers and began to stroke it with the other. Tears began to gather in the sculptor's eyes and follow each other down his cheeks.

"Why do you weep?" she asked.

"Do you think I am unhappy, my soul?" he answered.

She stooped over and kissed his forehead as he lay. "That is for your virtue of last night," she said, with a smile; "that is because you risked your life to save Orsino's." And she sat beside him holding his hand in silence, until they heard her woman coming with a cordial for which she had been sent; then Ippolita stood up and began to question him about the skirmish, as she might have questioned any other of those who had escaped.

All that day, Orsino narrowly scrutinised the countenance of his confessor, and as evening drew on and there was still no sign of any ill effect, began to prepare himself for the reception of the miraculous water. His physician had judged it best that it should be taken at night along with a powerful opiate, and that Orsino should not try to move until after he had slept off the one and given the other time to visit all parts of his body with its healing influence; and though the confessor had objected to this, as it was a sort of practical infidelity in God's miraculous power, and an error in reasoning, besides, so to judge of a remedy that was purely supernatural as if it were a natural drug; still Orsino, out of a desire to make assurance doubly sure, had determined to combine the practical wisdom of the leech with the sanctity of the water. As the moment drew near, he grew more and more solicitous as to his

spiritual disposition. He and the confessor were very weary of comparing notes, as to the exact degree of faith necessary in the recipient of miraculous grace, and the exact degree to which this signal penitent had vet attained. Thus, the hours passed, in prayer, in doctrinal disquisition, and in the preparation and signature of papers about property, of which the Duke had wrongfully possessed himself, and which he now promised to restore, ıf the miracle fell out according to expectation. There was but one difference between the pair. The ecclesiastic tried to convince Orsino that he should restore the property at once, in token of his zealous purpose to amend and make the future abundantly redeem the past. But the Duke would not hear of this; there must be a quid pro quo in the transaction, he averred; he would only humiliate himself before the world and become the mark of men's pointing fingers, he explained, if he restored all that he had won through a rough, arduous life, and the miracle were not forthcoming in the end. And so the priest desisted with a sigh, lest he should lose what he had already gained by trying for too much more.

By ten o'clock, all the retainers were at prayer in the unfinished chapel of the palace; the townspeople were summoned by the great bell to the cathedral; each man carried a taper and went barefoot; there was much outward solemnity and devotion, although when whisperers got together in the crowd, you might have heard a great deal of incredulous wit about the miracle, and Saint-Orsino (as they took to calling him), and the Jordan water. The Duke confessed himself, received plenary absolution and partook of the sacrament, with so much enthusiasm and his fancy running so high at the moment, that if you were to believe himself, a miracle had already been wrought in his behalf. Then he drank off the remainder of the blessed water, the doctor administered the opiate, the lights were shaded, the priest fell to silent prayer in the oratory, and the penitent was soon asleep in the hope of a miraculous restoration on the morrow.

At an early hour, as the priest was still muttering prayers

with a somewhat sleepy fervency, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and beheld Orsino standing by him in a bed gown, his face lit up with joy as by sunlight. He had raised himself and walked thither, without help. Both knelt a while before the altar and returned thanks. Then the physician was summoned, and the Duchess and all the retainers and servants of the palace. The bell of the chapel passed the signal to the great bell of the Cathedral. The news flew from mouth to mouth, from house to house, from street to street. Those who were devout, went and prostrated themselves in the churches. Those who were loyal or politic, hung their houses with rich carpets and cast flowers upon the pavement. Those who were simply indifferent went, nevertheless, and drank wine at the public fountain. Those who were incredulous shook their heads and winked and made epigrams. But none among all who were astonished, were astonished so much as Bartolomeo della Scala and his son, the beautiful Gian Pietro, who had carefully emptied the bottle and filled it again with putrid water from the town moat. . . .

Nearly a month went by without much accident. Sanazarro worked on doggedly at the tomb. Orsino continued to mend and gather strength ; and as he mended, he was ever less with the priest and more with his uncle Cosmo. I could never hear that any but the most inconsiderable property was restored ; but what was done in this way, was done with all the ostentation in the world. At last, came the day for public thanksgiving. Standing before the great door of the Cathedral, Orsino confessed with a loud voice his sins against God and the townspeople, and vowed a different life in the future. He vowed also to lead back Bartolomeo by the hand, into the town from which he had wrongfully expelled him years before. The country should be no more wasted by this insensate feud. Peace, plenty, and equal rule, in as far as it lay in his hands and in as far as God should help him—this was what he promised to his subjects on that great occasion.

And there the thing rested. Many golden words, some

reforms in detail, a milder and perhaps a more equitable executive in all the states, and no more. It is true that there were continual preparations being made for the reception of Bartolomeo; it is true that a day had been fixed on which the Duke was to go to visit him in sackcloth and ask pardon for his misdeeds; and true that Bartolomeo had agreed to be entertained on the night following at Orsino's palace. But the poor confessor was not satisfied; be began to guess shrewdly that all his sleepless nights had been somewhat thrown away; that Orsino's health had been restored, but not his heart renovated. One day, he lost patience and broke out.

"My lord," he said, "you were raised some time ago by a miracle from the bed of death. Tempt not the living God, lest He cut you off as suddenly and strangely as He raised you up."

The Duke pressed down the tip of his nose with his forefinger and puffed out his cheeks; his face became the very picture of humorous incredulity.

"Why, as to miracle," he said, "as to miracle, father, let us not insist too far. It has a good sound; I would have the people continue to speak of it; I will even strike a medal and found a chapel in its commemoration. But on a little thought, dear father, you may remember that I could move the night before the miracle."

The priest thereupon went away, and I think he had some matter for reflexion as he went. This is a very sad end for so glorious a story, is it not?

This little bit of conversation may be dated, I believe, the day before Orsino's visit to Della Scala's castle. If so, it would be on the next forenoon that Sanazarro threw open his workshop for inspection; for the sculptor was very absolute, and played Michael Angelo on a small scale in the palace: it was not every day of the week that an eager patron was allowed to mark the progress of his statues, as they grew towards shape and significance. And so when Orsino heard the good news, he did not hesitate to put off the period of his departure by some hours, and go immediately to the studio with his wife, his uncle,

bandy-legged Cosmo, and a due following of gentlemen. The Duke, as I have said, had a refined and passionate appreciation of good art; and, as the sculptor had surpassed himself in the design and, so far as it was finished, in the execution, his ecstasy was so natural and uncontrolled that both Sanazarro and the Duchess blushed for pride and pleasure. Suddenly, as he was going from one part to another, full of graceful praise, fine appreciation, and valuable criticism, he stayed for a moment before one of the large figures.

"This is the Duchess," said he, and he looked sharply at the pair. Sanazarro preserved an imperturbable countenance, but Ippolita was plainly discomposed under his eyes. The Duke put his eyes through the sculptor's in the most friendly manner: "This is a very graceful compliment, Signor," he said. "In the Duchess's name and in my own, I offer you thanks. And now be so good as to tell me what fable, what allegory, what general conception, binds your design together; for I own I can scarcely understand the position of this admirable portrait-statue."

"Indeed, my lord," replied Sanazarro, "your lordship understands art too well to force upon me so unfair a trial. Doubtless, when I designed the tomb, I had some such allegory as you desire before me; but, my lord, I have described it in these figures, and cannot otherwise describe it without falling short or going too far. You will not ask me to caricature my own work, my lord."

It is characteristic of Orsino, although he had put the question with an ulterior purpose, that this argument closed his mouth. He agreed cordially with Sanazarro, and continued loudly to criticise and compliment the statues, while he was silently turning over a very different question in his mind. "Plainly there is an understanding between them," he thought. "If I could but foster this, I might be rid of her with a good conscience, marry Isotta, and so save my soul alive"; for he had always one eye on eternity, even in his most criminal moments. At last it was time for him to trick himself out for the peni-

tential visit to Bartolomeo. "Signor Sanazarro," he said, "I recommend my Duchess to your attention. Ippolita, you have not tended enough upon our guest. Give him your hand into the garden."

No sooner were these two alone in an open part of the garden, where no eavesdropper could come near them, than Sanazarro asked what this should signify.

"Nay," she answered, "something evil. I had thought that if God raised him up by this wonder, He would give him a new spirit. But it is not so. He has been already to visit that bad woman."

"Isotta!" ejaculated Sanazarro.

The Duchess bowed. "I do not think," she continued, "that I shall abide here many days longer. I have done my utmost to forgive and better this man, and I will not stay to be degraded uselessly. It is well that we should not tempt Heaven either, my dear friend."

"But you will tell me whither you go?" he asked.

"Not so. We are weak creatures all. And remember this, that I have bright blood in my veins that does not fear death, but cannot bear dishonour. God keep us all from sin," she added, crossing herself. "Even now there are eyes upon us, I do not doubt. We must separate, my friend. Make the tomb worthy of your genius. I doubt not, we shall meet again in God's justice, when we may dare to be happy."

"This is not farewell?" he said.

"Fear not," she answered. "I shall see you ere I go."

The day went heavily for Sanazarro. He returned to the studio and sought to work, but it would not come from his hands; his head was full of fancies, but the power of execution had deserted him; so he gave up the attempt and went out into the garden, driven by a dull restlessness. He found there a young man, a hired sword of Orsino's, —handsome, brave, and utterly wicked, who had formed a sort of intimacy with the sculptor for the love of his statues, and was just then somewhat touched in his head with wine.

"Have you your poniard sharp, Sanazarro?" he asked, coming up with an extravagant gesture.

"Do you mean my chisel?" said the sculptor. "I am going but now to the wheel with it; though indeed, I fancy it was the hand that was heavy and not the poor instrument that was blunt." And he drew a chisel from a pouch at his girdle.

The young man damned all double meaning heartily. "Your poniard, man," he reiterated,—"your dagger—your little tickle-the-heart. Great death, Sanazarro, have you not heard the news?" And he steadied himself by the full of the sculptor's sleeve. "Do you not know the ball's on for to-morrow night? God's malison, are you not ready to make an end of them?"

Sanazarro was stricken by a great doubt suddenly; he led on the drunken mercenary, until he learned from him, that the next night's festival was meant only as a snare for Bartolomeo and his son; that, at an hour not yet decided, they should be slain while they slept, with a great uproar, and the rumour spread among the townsfolk that they had attempted their host's life by treachery, and justly fallen in the attempt. So soon as it was possible, he disengaged himself from his informant, and got away into an alley alone. The sun was down already, but the upper windows of the palace were all encrimsoned, and the bartizans and turret tops and chimneys stood out against the veiled sky, as it were the colour of blood. Sanazarro put his hand before his eyes: Bartolomeo had been amongst his earliest patrons, and the blood upon that long line of pinnacles and windows was to him as the blood of his patron. He was not chary of life; but a horror rose up in his throat, like sickness, against the demon who had gone forth some hours ago upon his treacherous mission. As his thoughts began to collect themselves, however, he overcame this physical oppression of disgust, and became once more cool and provident. He hurried to the gate nearest the palace, where he was well known to the warder and had been let out and in already at forbidden hours, and arranged that, on the

morrow, the gate should be open, whatever inconsistent consign should be given forth, on the payment of a small sum and the repetition of a certain watchword. While he was still chaffering there, the noise of a trumpet told him of the Duke's return. He hurried back to the palace. The confessor was the only person in whom he dared confide; and the confessor he hoped to find for a moment ere the feast began.

But Orsino, during his penitential ride, had found time for reflexion, and come to think differently of any intimacy between the sculptor and his wife. Somehow or other, he had succeeded in making himself jealous; and the first thing he had done, on his return, was to issue an order for the arrest of Sanazarro. At the same time, as he was not quite certain whether he might not go back again to his former scheme, and perhaps was a little ashamed of the proceeding, this arrest was to be kept secret; the sculptor was to be reported on a visit to the marble quarries, and meanwhile was to be used with no needless indignity.

The captain of halberdiers charged with this duty, met Sanazarro as he went hither and thither seeking the confessor, and requested a few words with him in private. The sculptor, thinking no ill, followed down the corridor, until he found himself surrounded by several men, and was bidden to give up his sword. Resistance was impossible. He freed his rapier and surrendered it to the officer. He was led down a stair and along several passages, and then a door was opened, he was pushed into a cell, and heard the door lock behind him.

At supper that evening, the Duke drank several glasses of a strong wine—too strong, as the result proved, for his head, which was not yet well assured. He grew flushed and voluble and fierce; he taunted his wife to her face about Sanazarro's statue; it was plain enough, he said, that the sculptor had seen his model through coloured glasses. "If you had been as beautiful as your minion makes you, we should have been faster friends, Signora"; and he began to compare her disparagingly—and in a

grumbling but still audible undertone—with the more luxuriant Isotta. Some of his worthless adherents tittered approvingly ; and the bandy-legged Cosmo leaned over and cracked a joke of his own in Orsino's ear, which set the Duke and two or three near him into open and insulting laughter. Ippolita had to bear herself with as good a grace as she could, meanwhile, and keep a composed demeanour under all these eyes.

The next morning early she presented herself before the Duke with a severe reverence, and requested his permission to go once again into the seclusion of a religious house ; he was now reëstablished in health, and she could be of no further use to him in the capacity of nurse ; in no other, she feared, was she fit to adorn his court. The Duke laughed heartily ; he was glad that she should take some revenge upon him for his last night's behaviour, with which (to say truth) he had not been altogether satisfied on cool reflexion ; he was glad that she should speak with irony, for it seemed to put them on a level. Nor was he much grieved at her request ; in his better moments, he had just enough respect for his wife to find her presence a restraint on his free action ; and besides, in his new whim of jealousy, he was pleased that she should be separated from Sanazarro.

" My permission ! " he said, repeating her words. " Nay, it is all the other way. Do me justice, Signora. I asked you very humbly to come to me when I was sick ; now that I am well, I am afraid I must prepare myself to lose you. Whenever you cease to pity me, I understand very well that you begin to despise." And he made her a fine bow.

" My lord," she said, " I wish to tell you otherwise. But for this grace of yours in letting me go, I thank you from the heart."

" Stay, though, stay," interrupted Orsino. " I cannot let you go before to-morrow. I desire your presence at the feast to-night. It will be but a lame ceremony, if my Duchess were absent, when I eat and drink in reconciliation with my old enemy."

" I shall never more eat at your board of my own free will. If you compel me, I fear my presence will not add to your mirth. I warn you I shall not care to dissemble my true feelings."

" Then, Signora," the Duke answered with a laugh, " we were as well without you, as you say. Do this for me at least, and if you go this morning, cover your face with a thick veil, and speak to no one. In an hour's time, the escort will await you at the postern—we require all our men for to-night's pageantry." And kissing her hand in a very gallant and airy manner, the Duke led her to the door.

As soon as she was gone, Cosmo stepped forth from the oratory where he had been concealed throughout the interview. " You should have made her stay," he said. " Your wife gone, the half of your penitential credit goes with her. Bartolomeo will be ready to suspect the very walls."

" Not so," replied Orsino. " The Duchess is indisposed this evening ; she has fatigued herself nursing me during my sickness ; to-morrow, she will be better. The tale goes like a glove."

Just then Lippo entered the room ; and Orsino whispered a few phrases in his ear, of which Cosmo caught no more then the word " Isotta." The man went to the door, and then returned and whispered back again, as though he were not sure of having rightly comprehended. " No, no," said the Duke, with a stamp. " Where are your seven wits ? In the Belvedere." The valet nodded and withdrew ; and his master remained for some seconds in thought, and in thought that was seemingly disagreeable to him, for his brows were gathered together darkly, and his underlip was drawn in, as in a timorous uncertainty. " God have mercy upon me," he said, at last, " this is like the mad wicked old days before my chastisement."

" Not dissimilar truly," returned Cosmo.

" I fear I am a great backslider," said the Duke ; and he fell actively to his beads.

The older man put his hand on the other's shoulder, and shook him : " Leave me these playthings alone," he

said. "You may go back to your prayers to-morrow; but to-day is the day for business."

Orsino hesitated, and looked from his chaplet to the severe visage of his uncle, and back again from Cosmo to the beads. "I wish I knew whether or not it was a miracle," he said with a sigh. And then the two fell to their preparations in all seriousness.

Ippolita was astonished to hear of Sanazarro's departure, the night before, to the marble quarries; she was even a little offended that he should thus have gone without a word. But she had no time for reflexion: before the hour was out, she and her maid, both closely veiled, were hurried through the postern and, with an escort of three horsemen, took the road that leads north-eastward into the hills.

The sculptor awoke late in the morning of the fatal day. The cell was full of sunshine already. As he had not been searched, he still had his chisel in his pouch, and a brief examination of the door showed him that he could free himself by the labour of half an hour; but as the corridor sounded all day long with the passage of many feet, he judged it wiser to wait until the feast began, when the whole household would be concentrated about the kitchen and the hall, and there would be few to come and go about this remote wing. The time passed heavily, and he had many grave anxieties to torment him. If he had been arrested because the Duke was jealous, might not the same fate have befallen Ippolita? Even if she were free, he feared some mischance in the confusion of the massacre. He was eaten up with impatience, and paced his prison as a wild beast paces its cage. From without he could hear carpenters hammering at the great platform on which the Duke's private actors were to represent an allegorical play, written by the Duke's private poet. As the day drew on, this noise dropped off, hammer by hammer, until it had entirely ceased: the stage was ready. Soon after, there was a long flourish of drums and trumpets in the distance; at the same moment all the bells

of the town fell a-ringing; and Sanazarro knew that Orsino and his guest had entered the gate amid a mighty acclamation of the mob. The shouting drew nearer; until at last it halted just outside the palace, and there redoubled and grew more confused: the company were taking their places for the spectacle. Then the trumpets sounded once more, the roar of the mob settled down with a growl into silence, only disturbed, for the space of an hour, by the thin tones of the actors declaiming inaudible verses, by a little half-suppressed applause now and then from the audience, and now and then a roll on the drums or a blast upon the trumpets to accentuate some important moment of the action. The piece came to an end amid general satisfaction; the mob dispersed slowly as the sun went down; and Sanazarro was left to count time by the bell until the feast should begin.

The beginning of the feast was marked by a sudden outburst of music in the palace: the Duke's orchestra was playing an induction. And now doubtless traitors and betrayed were dipping together in the same salt-dish, bowing and smiling one to another and drinking solemnly to peace and friendship in the future. Sanazarro set to work upon the lock with his chisel. It was an easier matter even than he had supposed; for the stone was planed already and fell away in so large a lump that the fragment served him thenceforward as chisel. The bolt was soon laid bare, the door opened inwards without resistance, and the sculptor was free. He hastily visited the doors of the other cells, beat upon them and called upon the inmates to say who they were. From some there came no answer but the hollow reverberation of his own blows; from others different voices replied to him, some mockingly, some evidently excited to a brief hope of liberation; but nowhere the voice of Ippolita. Sanazarro passed his hand over his brow; he was certain that Orsino would not cast her into a dungeon; certain, therefore, that she was free.

As he had supposed, this wing of the palace was silent and deserted; but as he drew near to the great hall the

noise of steps, the clatter of dishes, the gay inarticulate babble of many voices came, as it were, to meet him. At last he saw light at the end of the dark corridor he followed ; and in the light, many servants going hurriedly to and fro between the feast and the kitchen. He did not know, of course, that his imprisonment had been kept secret, and would willingly have avoided curious eyes ; but he had no choice ; to reach his own chamber it was necessary to put on a bold face and go through the thick of the bustle and by the doors of the very room in which the carouse went noisily forward. He held his breath as he did so ; but no one sought to stay him ; no one—so great was the hurry—found time so much as to look him between the eyes ; and he could tell himself, when he had finished this perilous traject and got upstairs between the lines of flaring torches, that he had escaped recognition by any. The torches went no higher than the first double flight of stairs (a sure sign that all the great guests had their billets on the first floor), and Sanazarro was hurrying on yet higher, in a sort of scanty twilight of a few candles posted here and there at wide intervals along the walls, when he almost fell over a couple of the Duke's valets coming down a side passage. He fell back with an incontrollable impulse for self-defence, and drew the chisel —the only weapon left to him. But the men saluted him quite respectfully, wished the Signor Sanazarro a good evening, and passed on, judging him probably in his cups. Without further accident he reached his own apartment, and having provided himself with his favourite sword and dagger, and all his money and jewels, returned again to the first landing of the stair. Here, behind some hangings and at a place where he could see out through the division of two widths, he concealed himself and waited until the company should retire. Possibly, even as they passed, he might find the opportunity to let slip a word of caution. . . .

His heart beat very fast, as you may imagine, as the hours went on. The uproar in the hall dwindled not, but rather increased ; and there were songs, from time to time, and pieces of music by the orchestra. At last to-

wards midnight, he heard the sound of feet and voices near at hand. An officer, flushed with drink, and very gay, proceeded to line the stair and the passage with alternate halberdiers and men carrying flambeaux. All the men had been drinking, as well as the officer, and there was a great deal of laughing among them, and many jests that were plain enough to Sanazarro, though they might not have been very comprehensible to any one unacquainted with the intended treachery. A brawny halberdier was posted just in front of him, so that he scarcely dared to breathe; and the next few minutes went very irksomely with the poor sculptor, cramped up behind the hangings. He had not long, however, of such penance. The orchestra began an energetic finale; there was a good deal of faint cheering; the halberdiers and flambeau-bearers pulled themselves together and were silent. Then Sanazarro saw, over the shoulder of the man in front of him, a princely party coming up the wide staircase between the lines of attendants. Orsino came first, leading Bartolomeo by the hand; and then Cosmo holding the hand of Gian Pietro; and behind them a goodly company of pages and officers and petty nobles, attached to either family. All seemed the worse for drink, at the first glance; but, as they continued to pass before him, a disquieting suspicion forced itself into the sculptor's mind and grew ever more and more certain. It seemed to him that all, whether hosts or guests, whether followers of Orsino or Bartolomeo, were making much of their intoxication, were not nearly so drunken as they would give themselves out for. He seemed to detect sober glances passing from one to another, and a fold of gravity on the most exalted-looking countenance. The foot tripped, and the tongue spoke foolishly; but, in more instances than one, Sanazarro would have laid a long wager that the mind was not much perturbed.

As this procession went by him and disappeared down the long corridor, the music died away in the hall below; and the men on the stair shouldered their halberds, extinguished their torches and trooped off laughing to the guard room. Sanazarro was just about to separate the

hangings and come forth, when he heard voices and steps returning, and Orsino and his uncle went past again in close conversation, and stopped, not ten feet from his hiding-place, at the top of the stair.

"No," said Cosmo, "nothing, I grant. To a desire."

"And you saw, too," returned the Duke, evidently continuing some strain of argument, "they made no difficulty about Ippolita's absence. They believed she was still in the palace."

"I imagine they did."

"Well then, I was right to let her go quietly, was I not? It is easier to tell a falsehood than to pacify a discontented woman."

"Like enough," replied the uncle, "like enough"; and he descended the stair, while Orsino turned and went warily back by the way he had come.

Sanazarro's mind was set at rest about the Duchess; she was safe out of the palace, it was plain, and he had a shrewd guess he should find her, whenever he wanted, at the old nunnery among the hills; so he had his mind free for the immediate interests of the night. He came out of his concealment, and tried to imagine where Bartolomeo would most probably be set to sleep. After passing under review all the apartments of the first floor, he pitched upon one as the most probable—he could hardly have told why—and, without knowing very distinctly what he wished to do, set off stealthily along the corridor towards it. He was burthened by a dreadful sense of insecurity; he knew that behind these shut doors there were no sleepers, but men waiting for a signal, with bright eyes and their swords across their knees; at any moment the storm might burst; it seemed as if the floor was alive and quaked under his steps. Suddenly, he stood still. A cold sweat burst out over his body. Yes, he was right; there was a footfall in the corridor besides his own, a stealthy, treacherous footfall drawing near to meet him. He stepped back into the shadow of a doorway and waited, with his hand on his dagger. It was a poor shelter; but there was none other within reach, and the new-comer

(whoever he was) might turn the corner at any moment. Nor had the sculptor long to wait. Orsino himself, on tiptoes, with hands held up to balance him, and eyes fixed wakefully on the empty air, as he gave up his whole spirit to the task of walking without noise—Orsino, in a hat and cloak, brushed close by him and was gone upon the instant. Where could he be going? What black business had he on hand? It was plainly secret, even from Cosmo. For a moment the sculptor stood bewildered; then he made up his mind and stole after the Duke.

It was easy enough to follow unobserved along the corridor. But the stair gave a great advantage to the chase; and when the pursuer gained the ground floor, he whom he was pursuing had disappeared. Many passages branched off from the foot of the stair—it was not a great stair, but a private flight in the west wing; and as there was no reason for choosing any one instead of another, Sanazarro paused, irresolute. As he was thus standing, he heard the creak of a hinge, and a little puff of fresh night air from the garden blew upon his face and made the lights wink and the shadows bestir themselves along the dim gallery. This was indication sufficient, and next moment the artist had opened the private door and stood, almost dazzled, on the threshold. The orange tufts and paved alleys of the garden were displayed in strange detail and relief by a flood of vivid moonlight; the very shadows looked solid, and one would have feared to walk upon them if they had not moved with the wind. Down the centre alley, Sanazarro saw the cloaked figure of the Duke moving away swiftly, like a blot upon the intense white light. A turbulent crowd of recollections surged into his brain and disappeared again. This centre alley led to the Belvedere; the Duke had renewed his relations with Isotta; probably the massacre was not to begin until some dead hour of the morning; and my lord would grow weary if he sat in his own room to wait the fatal signal. Such levity on an occasion of so much tragic import would have been incredible on the part of most men; but it was by no means inconsistent with the known

character of Orsino. These were, in fact, the sort of incongruities that had the attraction like that of a precipice for disordered fancy. And he was never content unless he were strongly moved, whether by passion or religion, or the uncertain issue of some piece of perilous or desperate policy. This avidity for violent sensations was with him a mode of cowardice that often stood in the stead, and played the part of bravery. All this passed through Sanazarro's brain in the least interval of time. Whether or not he was right in his conclusion, he could not doubt the importance of the opportunity now afforded him. Orsino slain, a death blow would be dealt to the whole plan of massacre; just when it was ripe, it would be troubled and diverted; and while the traitors were looking for their absent leader, the betrayed might have the more time to escape or to fortify their position. He did not hesitate. Loosening his rapier in the sheath, he followed the faster after his quarry.

The Duke was perhaps half way between the palace and the Belvedere, when the sound of Sanazarro's footsteps reached his ears. He started and turned round. The sculptor did not trust himself to articulate any word, lest his voice should be recognized as that of one not privy to the night's undertaking; but he waved his arm significantly and gave vent to a long "hist!" Orsino stopped and waited, apparently not without great anxiety; for he moved uneasily, put his hand twice to his sword and at last, when the sculptor was already close to him, drew it suddenly and fell on guard. Sanazarro followed his example, and the blades met. "Aha! my sculptor!" cried the Duke; and he laughed cruelly. He knew himself to be a fine swordsman, but forgot, in his excitement, how long he had been out of practice and how much weakness had been left upon him by his recent sickness. The fight endured, perhaps, a minute and a half. Then Sanazarro's blade passed through the Duke's sword arm; and the latter, throwing away his weapon, falling on the ground and putting up his hands as if to shield himself, cried out in a terrible shrill voice that he was not fit to die. But

the sculptor did not stop to listen to him, and drove his rapier three times through the Duke's body till the point rang upon the pavement. Then he stopped and put his hand to his heart. Even in recollection, the tones in which the miserable devil had cried out for mercy, chilled and horrified him. He had killed men before, but never any who had not met death courageously.

And as he thus stood, he became gradually conscious that there had been other noises in his ear whilst he fought, besides the ring of the blades, the grinding of teeth and the quickened measure of his own arteries. There was a great uproar in the palace, that grew greater moment by moment; and as he turned in bewilderment he saw lights flickering up uncertainly behind the windows, like a fire that the wind blows upon, as though men bearing torches were being thrust hither and thither in a desperate affray. As he turned, also, he became aware of sounds yet more distant. From these sounds, the lower part of the town should be full of horsemen galloping. There came a volley of firearms, and then random shots dropping off here and there along the streets, as though some body of musketeers had been dispersed, and the fugitives stopped ever and again as they ran, to fire another shot on their pursuers. The great bell of the cathedral began suddenly to ring out a tocsin, and ceased as suddenly; the rope had been cut, or the ringer slain.

Sanazarro began dimly to comprehend; the treason had been double, although fixed for different hours; the town had been carried by a surprise; La Scala was master and the Orsini, outwitted and outnumbered, were selling their lives dearly on the scene of their intended crime. There was one course only before him; and that was to make good his own escape. The stables of the palace were not far distant; and as the sentinels had already taken the alarm and fled, there was no one to prevent him from helping himself to a strong steed, out of many that stood ready caparisoned for the enterprise of the night. At the gate, also, all went well for him. The warder was waiting on the threshold of his lodge, only anxious to know the

cause of all this to-do at the palace, and what, under the circumstances, would be the wisest course for a poor gatekeeper to adopt. "Leave the gate open, and get into the nearest thicket for your life!" Sanazarro shouted to him, as he galloped off along the road that leads northeastward into the hills.

At the top of the first rising ground, he drew bridle and looked back. A tongue of flame played out of one of the upper windows of the palace. "My poor statues," he thought to himself, and he had half a mind, for a moment, to go back and seek to rescue them. But a statue, after all, is only a statue, and a mistress is a mistress; and Sanazarro had a sense of power in him yet unexhausted, and felt sure that his brain would conceive, and his hands execute, statues still more beautiful than these. Let the dead past bury its dead; and let him go forward to his better inspiration through the night.

Just about dawn, he met three horsemen face to face upon the road; and one of these stopped and made him a salute. The Duchess, he said, had given him this letter for the hands of Master Sanazarro privately. The sculptor took it, and glanced it over: it told how she had been obliged to leave without seeing him, how he might rest satisfied of her love and preference over all men, and how, for her sake, he should not seek to learn where she had found a refuge. He asked the messenger where he had left the Duchess; but the man only laughed and said he could keep his own counsel as well as the lady could keep hers. Sanazarro bit his lip, and the blood came into his face; he felt a truly masculine sense of shame—that he should have let out to these hired knaves how little he was in his lady's confidence. So he saluted them, told them somewhat bitterly of what reception they were like to meet with at the town, and rode on again, without so much as offering them wherewithal to drink his health, and pursued for many a mile by an abiding sense of disgrace.

He still believed that Ippolita would return to the old convent in the hills, where they had first met; but he

had now become gloomy and dogged ; certain expressions in the letter seemed scarcely compatible with so obvious a retreat. And in his doubt and irritation, he spurred the poor horse so unmercifully that, some time before noon and about a league below the convent, he was fain to leave it behind him at a little wayside hostel, and make the best of his way forward on foot. The early spring of that favoured country was already well advanced ; and the sun grew so powerful that he had to desert the highroad and take to a steep path through a piece of woodland.

Insensibly, as he followed this pleasant way, his irritation was calmed, and a good spirit grew upon him whether he would or not. A little wind blew now and then among the foliage, and stirred the lights and shadows over the new-fledged grass. And even when the air was still, there was a sentiment of life in the mere distribution of the light and darkness, as here and there a single ray shot vividly through some opening in the texture of the wood, or a whole sheath of them plunged down at once and made a little lit space in the shadow. From time to time, also, he was visited by wandering perfumes, sometimes by the faint odour of the violet beds, and sometimes by the strong smell of the sunshine among firs. He felt the springtime through his bones ; and though he sought (as a man will, when he is in love) to exaggerate his evils and keep himself in a true martyr's humour, for the very life of him he could not withhold his lips from smiling, or keep his step from growing lighter as he went. At length he beheld some way before him, on the left hand, a little grey stone chapel, not much more considerable than a country wine cooler, shut with iron gates and approached by three steps, all grown over with a glory of red anemones. The iron gates were open ; just as he first set eyes on them, they were opened something farther, and the figure of a woman came forth into the broken sunlight of the grove. —It was Ippolita. His heart stood still for joy. He saw a great start go through her, and then she moved no more, but waited for him quietly upon the lowest step of the three that led up into the little chapel.

THE WAIF WOMAN

This story, preserved among Mrs. Stevenson's papers, and first printed in *Scribner's Magazine,* December, 1914, is mentioned by Mr. Balfour in his life of Stevenson. Writing of the fables which Stevenson began before he had left England and "attacked again, and from time to time added to their number" in 1893, Mr. Balfour says: "The reference to Odin [Fable XVI] perhaps is due to his reading of the Sagas, which led him to attempt a tale in the same style, called 'The Waif Woman.'"

I

THE WAIF WOMAN

A CUE—FROM A SAGA

THIS is a tale of Iceland, the isle of stories, and of a thing that befell in the year of the coming there of Christianity.

In the spring of that year a ship sailed from the South Isles to traffic, and fell becalmed inside Snowfellness. The winds had speeded her; she was the first comer of the year; and the fishers drew alongside to hear the news of the south, and eager folk put out in boats to see the merchandise and make prices. From the doors of the hall on Frodis Water, the house folk saw the ship becalmed and the boats about her, coming and going; and the merchants from the ship could see the smoke go up and the men and women trooping to their meals in the hall.

The goodman of that house was called Finnward Keelfarer, and his wife Aud the Light-Minded; and they had a son Eyolf, a likely boy, and a daughter Asdis, a slip of a maid. Finnward was well-to-do in his affairs, he kept open house and had good friends. But Aud his wife was not so much considered: her mind was set on trifles, on bright clothing, and the admiration of men, and the envy of women; and it was thought she was not always so circumspect in her bearing as she might have been, but nothing to hurt.

On the evening of the second day, men came to the house from sea. They told of the merchandise in the ship, which was well enough and to be had at easy rates, and of a waif woman that sailed in her, no one could tell why,

and had chests of clothes beyond comparison, fine coloured stuffs, finely woven, the best that ever came into that island, and gewgaws for a queen. At the hearing of that Aud's eyes began to glisten. She went early to bed ; and the day was not yet red before she was on the beach, had a boat launched, and was pulling to the ship. By the way she looked closely at all boats, but there was no woman in any ; and at that she was better pleased, for she had no fear of the men.

When they came to the ship, boats were there already, and the merchants and the shore folk sat and jested and chaffered in the stern. But in the fore part of the ship, the woman sat alone, and looked before her sourly at the sea. They called her Thorgunna. She was as tall as a man and high in flesh, a buxom wife to look at. Her hair was of the dark red, time had not changed it. Her face was dark, the cheeks full, and the brow smooth. Some of the merchants told that she was sixty years of age and others laughed and said she was but forty ; but they spoke of her in whispers, for they seemed to think that she was ill to deal with and not more than ordinary canny.

Aud went to where she sat and made her welcome to Iceland. Thorgunna did the honours of the ship. So for a while they carried it on, praising and watching each other, in the way of women. But Aud was a little vessel to contain a great longing, and presently the cry of her heart came out of her.

" The folk say," says she, " you have the finest women's things that ever came to Iceland ? " and as she spoke her eyes grew big.

" It would be strange if I had not," quoth Thorgunna. " Queens have no finer."

So Aud begged that she might see them.

Thorgunna looked on her askance. " Truly," said she, " the things are for no use but to be shown." So she fetched a chest and opened it. Here was a cloak of the rare scarlet laid upon with silver, beautiful beyond belief ; hard by was a silver brooch of basket-work that was wrought as fine as any shell and was as broad as the face of the full

moon ; and Aud saw the clothes lying folded in the chest, of all the colours of the day and fire, and precious gems ; and her heart burned with envy. So, because she had so huge a mind to buy, she began to make light of the merchandise. " They are good enough things," says she, " though I have better in my chest at home. It is a good enough cloak, and I am in need of a new cloak." At that she fingered the scarlet, and the touch of the fine stuff went to her mind like singing. " Come," says she, " if it were only for your civility in showing it, what will you have for your cloak ? "

" Woman," said Thorgunna, " I am no merchant." And she closed the chest and locked it, like one angry.

Then Aud fell to protesting and caressing her. That was Aud's practice ; for she thought if she hugged and kissed a person none could say her nay. Next she went to flattery, said she knew the things were too noble for the like of her—they were made for a stately, beautiful woman like Thorgunna ; and at that she kissed her again, and Thorgunna seemed a little pleased. And now Aud pled poverty and begged for the cloak in a gift ; and now she vaunted the wealth of her goodman and offered ounces and ounces of fine silver, the price of three men's lives. Thorgunna smiled, but it was a grim smile, and still she shook her head. At last Aud wrought herself into extremity and wept.

" I would give my soul for it," she cried.

" Fool ! " said Thorgunna. " But there have been fools before you ! " And a little after, she said this : " Let us be done with beseeching. The things are mine. I was a fool to show you them ; but where is their use, unless we show them ? Mine they are and mine they shall be till I die. I have paid for them dear enough," said she.

Aud saw it was of no avail ; so she dried her tears, and asked Thorgunna about her voyage, and made believe to listen while she plotted in her little mind. " Thorgunna," she asked presently, " do you count kin with any folk in Iceland ? "

" I count kin with none," replied Thorgunna. " My

kin is of the greatest, but I have not been always lucky, so I say the less."

"So that you have no house to pass the time in till the ship return?" cries Aud. "Dear Thorgunna, you must come and live with us. My goodman is rich, his hand and his house are open, and I will cherish you like a daughter."

At that Thorgunna smiled on the one side; but her soul laughed within her at the woman's shallowness. "I will pay her for that word *daughter*," she thought, and she smiled again.

"I will live with you gladly," says she, "for your house has a good name, and I have seen the smoke of your kitchen from the ship. But one thing you shall understand. I make no presents, I give nothing where I go—not a rag and not an ounce. Where I stay, I work for my upkeep; and as I am strong as a man and hardy as an ox, they that have had the keeping of me were the better pleased."

It was a hard job for Aud to keep her countenance, for she was like to have wept. And yet she felt it would be unseemly to eat her invitation; and like a shallow woman and one that had always led her husband by the nose, she told herself she would find some means to cajole Thorgunna and come by her purpose after all. So she put a good face on the thing, had Thorgunna into the boat, her and her two great chests, and brought her home with her to the hall by the beach.

All the way in she made much of the wife; and when they were arrived gave her a locked bed-place in the hall, where was a bed, a table, and a stool, and space for the two chests.

"This shall be yours while you stay here," said Aud. And she attended on her guest.

Now Thorgunna opened the second chest and took out her bedding—sheets of English linen, the like of it never seen, a cover of quilted silk, and curtains of purple wrought with silver. At the sight of these Aud was like one distracted, greed blinded her mind; the cry rose strong in her throat, it must out.

" What will you sell your bedding for ? " she cried, and her cheeks were hot.

Thorgunna looked upon her with a dusky countenance. " Truly you are a courteous hostess," said she, " but I will not sleep on straw for your amusement."

At that Aud's two ears grew hot as her cheeks ; and she took Thorgunna at her word, and left her from that time in peace.

The woman was as good as her spoken word. Inside the house and out she wrought like three, and all that she put her hand to was well done. When she milked, the cows yielded beyond custom ; when she made hay, it was always dry weather ; when she took her turn at the cooking, the folk licked their spoons. Her manners when she pleased were outside imitation, like one that had sat with kings in their high buildings. It seemed she was pious too, and the day never passed but she was in the church there praying. The rest was not so well. She was of few words, and never one about her kin and fortunes. Gloom sat on her brow, and she was ill to cross. Behind her back they gave her the name of the Waif Woman or the Wind Wife ; to her face it must always be Thorgunna. And if any of the young men called her *mother*, she would speak no more that day, but sit apart in the hall and mutter with her lips.

" This is a queer piece of goods that we have gotten," says Finnward Keelfarer, " I wish we get no harm by her ! But the goodwife's pleasure must be done," said he, which was his common word.

When she was at work, Thorgunna wore the rudest of plain clothes, though ever clean as a cat ; but at night in the hall she was more dainty, for she loved to be admired. No doubt she made herself look well, and many thought she was a comely woman still, and to those she was always favourable and full of pleasant speech. But the more that some pleased her, it was thought by good judges that they pleased Aud the less.

When midsummer was passed, a company of young men upon a journey came to the house by Frodis Water

That was always a great day for Aud, when there were gallants at table ; and what made this day the greater, Alf of the Fells was in the company, and she thought Alf fancied her. To be sure Aud wore her best. But when Thorgunna came from the bed-place, she was arrayed like any queen and the broad brooch was in her bosom. All night in the hall these women strove with each other ; and the little maid, Asdis, looked on, and was ashamed and knew not why. But Thorgunna pleased beyond all : she told of strange things that had befallen in the world ; when she pleased, she had the cue to laughter ; she sang, and her voice was full and her songs new in that island ; and whenever she turned, the eyes shone in her face and the brooch glittered at her bosom. So that the young men forgot the word of the merchants as to the woman's age, and their looks followed her all night.

Aud was sick with envy. Sleep fled her ; her husband slept, but she sat upright beside him in the bed, and gnawed her fingers. Now she began to hate Thorgunna, and the glittering of the great brooch stood before her in the dark. "Sure," she thought, "it must be the glamour of that brooch ! She is not so fair as I ; she is as old as the dead in the hillside ; and as for her wit and her songs, it is little I think of them ! " Up she got at that, took a light from the embers, and came to her guest's bed-place. The door was locked, but Aud had a master-key and could go in. Inside, the chests were open, and in the top of one the light of her taper shone upon the glittering of the brooch. As a dog snatches food she snatched it, and turned to the bed. Thorgunna lay on her side ; it was to be thought she slept, but she talked the while to herself, and her lips moved. It seemed her years returned to her in slumber, for her face was grey and her brow knotted ; and the open eyes of her stared in the eyes of Aud. The heart of the foolish woman died in her bosom ; but her greed was the stronger and she fled with that which she had stolen.

When she was back in bed, the word of Thorgunna came to her mind, that these things were for no use but to be

shown. Here she had the brooch and the shame of it, and might not wear it. So all night she quaked with the fear of discovery, and wept tears of rage that she should have sinned in vain. Day came, and Aud must rise; but she went about the house like a crazy woman. She saw the eyes of Asdis rest on her strangely, and at that she beat the maid. She scolded the house folk, and, by her way of it, nothing was done aright. First she was loving to her husband and made much of him, thinking to be on his good side when trouble came. Then she took a better way, picked a feud with him, and railed on the poor man till his ears rang, so that he might be in the wrong beforehand. The brooch she hid without, in the side of a hayrick.

All this while Thorgunna lay in the bed-place, which was not her way, for by custom she was early astir. At last she came forth, and there was that in her face that made all the house look one at the other and the heart of Aud to be straitened. Never a word the guest spoke, not a bite she swallowed, and they saw the strong shudderings take and shake her in her place. Yet a little, and still without speech, back she went into her bed-place, and the door was shut.

"That is a sick wife," said Finnward. "Her weird has come on her."

And at that the heart of Aud was lifted up with hope.

All day Thorgunna lay on her bed, and the next day sent for Finnward.

"Finnward Keelfarer," said she, "my trouble is come upon me, and I am at the end of my days."

He made the customary talk.

"I have had my good things; now my hour is come; and let suffice," quoth she. "I did not send for you to hear your prating."

Finnward knew not what to answer, for he saw her soul was dark.

"I sent for you on needful matters," she began again. "I die here—I!—in this black house, in a bleak island, far from all decency and proper ways of men; and now

my treasure must be left. Small pleasure have I had of it, and leave it with the less ! " cried she.

" Good woman, as the saying is, needs must," says Finnward, for he was nettled with that speech.

" For that I called you," quoth Thorgunna. " In these two chests are much wealth and things greatly to be desired. I wish my body to be laid in Skalaholt in the new church, where I trust to hear the mass-priests singing over my head so long as time endures. To that church I will you to give what is sufficient, leaving your conscience judge it. My scarlet cloak with the silver, I will to that poor fool your wife. She longed for it so bitterly, I may not even now deny her. Give her the brooch as well. I warn you of her ; I was such as she, only wiser ; I warn you, the ground she stands upon is water, and whoso trusts her leans on rottenness. I hate her and I pity her. When she comes to lie where I lie——" There she broke off. " The rest of my goods I leave to your black-eyed maid, young Asdis, for her slim body and clean mind. Only the things of my bed, you shall see burned."

" It is well," said Finnward.

" It may be well," quoth she, " if you obey. My life has been a wonder to all and a fear to many. While I lived none thwarted me and prospered. See to it that none thwart me after I am dead. It stands upon your safety."

" It stands upon my honour," quoth Finnward, " and I have the name of an honourable man."

" You have the name of a weak one," says Thorgunna. " Look to it, look to it, Finnward. Your house shall rue it else."

" The rooftree of my house is my word," said Finnward.

" And that is a true saying," says the woman. " See to it, then. The speech of Thorgunna is ended."

With that she turned her face against the wall and Finnward left her.

The same night, in the small hours of the clock, Thorgunna passed. It was a wild night for summer, and the wind sang about the eaves and clouds covered the moon,

when the dark woman wended. From that day to this no man has learned her story or her people's name; but be sure the one was stormy and the other great. She had come to that isle, a waif woman, on a ship; thence she flitted, and no more remained of her but her heavy chests and her big body.

In the morning the house women streaked and dressed the corpse. Then came Finnward, and carried the sheets and curtains from the house, and caused build a fire upon the sands. But Aud had an eye on her man's doings.

"And what is this that you are at?" said she.

So he told her.

"Burn the good sheets!" she cried. "And where would I be with my two hands? No, troth," said Aud, "not so long as your wife is above ground!"

"Goodwife," said Finnward, "this is beyond your province. Here is my word pledged and the woman dead I pledged it to. So much the more am I bound. Let me be doing as I must, goodwife."

"Tilly-valley!" says she, "and a fiddlestick's end, goodman! You may know well about fishing and be good at shearing sheep, for what I know; but you are little of a judge of damask sheets. And the best word I can say is just this," she says, laying hold of one end of the goods, "that if ye are made up to burn the plenishing, you must burn your wife along with it."

"I trust it will not go so hard," says Finnward, "and I beg you not to speak so loud and let the housefolk hear you."

"Let them speak low that are ashamed!" cries Aud. "I speak only in reason."

"You are to consider that the woman died in my house," says Finnward, "and this was her last behest. In truth, goodwife, if I were to fail, it is a thing that would stick long in my throat, and would give us an ill name with the neighbours."

"And you are to consider," says she, "that I am your true wife and worth all the witches ever burnt, and loving her old husband"—here she put her arms about his neck.

" And you are to consider that what you wish to do is to destroy fine stuff, such as we have no means of replacing ; and that she bade you do it singly to spite me, for I sought to buy this bedding from her while she was alive at her own price ; and that she hated me because I was young and handsome."

" That is a true word that she hated you, for she said so herself before she wended," says Finnward.

" So that here is an old fagot that hated me, and she dead as a bucket," says Aud ; " and here is a young wife that loves you dear, and is alive forby "—and at that she kissed him—" and the point is, which are you to do the will of ? "

The man's weakness caught him hard, and he faltered. " I fear some hurt will come of it," said he.

There she cut in, and bade the lads tread out the fire, and the lasses roll the bed-stuff up and carry it within.

" My dear," says he, " my honour—this is against my honour."

But she took his arm under hers, and caressed his hand, and kissed his knuckles, and led him down the bay. " Bubble-bubble-bubble ! " says she, imitating him like a baby, though she was none so young. " Bubble-bubble, and a silly old man ! We must bury the troll wife, and here is trouble enough, and a vengeance ! Horses will sweat for it before she comes to Skalaholt ; 'tis my belief she was a man in a woman's habit. And so now, have done, goodman, and let us get her waked and buried, which is more than she deserves, or her old duds are like to pay for. And when that is ended, we can consult upon the rest."

So Finnward was but too well pleased to put it off.

The next day they set forth early for Skalaholt across the heaths. It was heavy weather, and grey overhead ; the horses sweated and neighed, and the men went silent, for it was nowhere in their minds that the dead wife was canny. Only Aud talked by the way, like a silly sea-gull piping on a cliff, and the rest held their peace. The sun went down before they were across Whitewater ; and the

black night fell on them this side of Netherness. At Netherness they beat upon the door. The goodman was not abed nor any of his folk, but sat in the hall talking; and to them Finnward made clear his business.

"I will never deny you a roof," said the goodman of Netherness. "But I have no food ready, and if you cannot be doing without meat, you must e'en fare farther."

They laid the body in a shed, made fast their horses, and came into the house, and the door was closed again. So there they sat about the lights, and there was little said for they were none so well pleased with their reception. Presently, in the place where the food was kept, began a clattering of dishes; and it fell to a bondman of the house to go and see what made the clatter. He was no sooner gone than he was back again; and told it was a big, buxom woman, high in flesh and naked as she was born, setting meats upon a dresser. Finnward grew pale as the dawn; he got to his feet, and the rest rose with him, and all the party of the funeral came to the buttery-door. And the dead Thorgunna took no heed of their coming, but went on setting forth meats, and seemed to talk with herself as she did so; and she was naked to the buff.

Great fear fell upon them; the marrow of their back grew cold. Not one word they spoke, neither good nor bad; but back into the hall, and down upon their bended knees, and to their prayers.

"Now in the name of God, what ails you?" cried the goodman of Netherness.

And when they had told him, shame fell upon him for his churlishness.

"The dead wife reproves me," said the honest man.

And he blessed himself and his house, and caused spread the tables, and they all ate of the meats that the dead wife laid out.

This was the first walking of Thorgunna, and it is thought by good judges it would have been the last as well, if men had been more wise.

The next day they came to Skalaholt, and there was the

body buried, and the next after they set out for home. Finnward's heart was heavy, and his mind divided. He feared the dead wife and the living; he feared dishonour and he feared dispeace; and his will was like a seagull in the wind. Now he cleared his throat and made as if to speak; and at that Aud cocked her eye and looked at the goodman, mocking, and his voice died unborn. At the last, shame gave him courage.

"Aud," said he, "yon was a most uncanny thing at Netherness."

"No doubt," said Aud.

"I have never had it in my mind," said he, "that yon woman was the thing she should be."

"I daresay not," said Aud. "I never thought so either."

"It stands beyond question she was more than canny," says Finnward, shaking his head. "No manner of doubt but what she was ancient of mind."

"She was getting pretty old in body, too," says Aud.

"Wife," says he, "it comes in upon me strongly this is no kind of woman to disobey; above all, being dead and her walking. I think, wife, we must even do as she commanded."

"Now what is ever your word?" says she, riding up close and setting her hand upon his shoulder. "'The goodwife's pleasure must be done'; is not that my Finnward?"

"The good God knows I grudge you nothing," cried Finnward. "But my blood runs cold upon this business. Worse will come of it!" he cried, "worse will flow from it!"

"What is this todo?" cries Aud. "Here is an old brimstone hag that should have been stoned with stones, and hated me besides. Vainly she tried to frighten me when she was living; shall she frighten me now when she is dead and rotten? I trow not. Think shame to your beard, goodman! Are these a man's shoes I see you shaking in, when your wife rides by your bridle-hand, as bold as nails?"

"Ay, ay," quoth Finnward. "But there goes a bye-word in the country: Little wit, little fear."

At this Aud began to be concerned, for he was usually easier to lead. So now she tried the other method on the man.

"Is that your word?" cried she. "I kiss the hands of ye! If I have not wit enough, I can rid you of my company. Wit is it he seeks?" she cried. "The old broomstick that we buried yesterday had wit for you."

So she rode on ahead and looked not the road that he was on.

Poor Finnward followed on his horse, but the light of the day was gone out, for his wife was like his life to him. He went six miles and was true to his heart; but the seventh was not half through when he rode up to her.

"Is it to be the goodwife's pleasure?" she asked.

"Aud, you shall have your way," says he; "God grant there come no ill of it!"

So she made much of him, and his heart was comforted.

When they came to the house, Aud had the two chests to her own bed-place, and gloated all night on what she found. Finnward looked on, and trouble darkened his mind.

"Wife," says he at last, "you will not forget these things belong to Asdis?"

At that she barked upon him like a dog.

"Am I a thief?" she cried. "The brat shall have them in her turn when she grows up. Would you have me give her them now to turn her minx's head with?"

So the weak man went his way out of the house in sorrow and fell to his affairs. Those that wrought with him that day observed that now he would labour and toil like a man furious, and now would sit and stare like one stupid; for in truth he judged the business would end ill.

For a while there was no more done and no more said. Aud cherished her treasures by herself, and none was the wiser except Finnward. Only the cloak she sometimes wore, for that was hers by the will of the dead wife; but the others she let lie, because she knew she had them

foully, and she feared Finnward somewhat and Thorgunna much.

At last husband and wife were bound to bed one night, and he was the first stripped and got in.

"What sheets are these?" he screamed, as his legs touched them, for these were smooth as water, but the sheets of Iceland were like sacking.

"Clean sheets, I suppose," says Aud, but her hand quavered as she wound her hair.

"Woman!" cried Finnward, "these are the bed-sheets of Thorgunna—these are the sheets she died in! do not lie to me!"

At that Aud turned and looked at him. "Well?" says she, "they have been washed."

Finnward lay down again in the bed between Thorgunna's sheets, and groaned; never a word more he said, for now he knew he was a coward and a man dishonoured. Presently his wife came beside him, and they lay still, but neither slept.

It might be twelve in the night when Aud felt Finnward shudder so strong that the bed shook.

"What ails you?" said she.

"I know not," he said. "It is a chill like the chill of death. My soul is sick with it." His voice fell low. "It was so Thorgunna sickened," said he. And he arose and walked in the hall in the dark till it came morning.

Early in the morning he went forth to the sea-fishing with four lads. Aud was troubled at heart and watched him from the door, and even as he went down the beach she saw him shaken with Thorgunna's shudder. It was a rough day, the sea was wild, the boat laboured exceedingly, and it may be that Finnward's mind was troubled with his sickness. Certain it is that they struck, and their boat was burst, upon a skerry under Snowfellness. The four lads were spilled into the sea, and the sea broke and buried them, but Finnward was cast upon the skerry, and clambered up, and sat there all day long: God knows his thoughts. The sun was halfway down, when a shepherd went by on the cliffs about his business, and spied a man

in the midst of the breach of the loud seas, upon a pinnacle of reef. He hailed him, and the man turned and hailed again. There was in that cove so great a clashing of the seas and so shrill a cry of sea-fowl that the herd might hear the voice and not the words. But the name Thorgunna came to him, and he saw the face of Finnward Keelfarer like the face of an old man. Lively ran the herd to Finnward's house; and when his tale was told there, Eyolf the boy was lively to out a boat and hasten to his father's aid. By the strength of hands they drove the keel against the seas, and with skill and courage Eyolf won upon the skerry and climbed up. There sat his father dead; and this was the first vengeance of Thorgunna against broken faith.

It was a sore job to get the corpse on board, and a sorer yet to bring it home before the rolling seas. But the lad Eyolf was a lad of promise, and the lads that pulled for him were sturdy men. So the break-faith's body was got home, and waked, and buried on the hill. Aud was a good widow and wept much, for she liked Finnward well enough. Yet a bird sang in her ears that now she might marry a young man. Little fear that she might have her choice of them, she thought, with all Thorgunna's fine things; and her heart was cheered.

Now, when the corpse was laid in the hill, Asdis came where Aud sat solitary in hall, and stood by her a while without speech.

"Well, child?" says Aud; and again "Well?" and then "Keep us holy, if you have anything to say, out with it!"

So the maid came so much nearer. "Mother," says she, "I wish you would not wear these things that were Thorgunna's."

"Aha," cries Aud. "This is what it is? You begin early, brat! And who has been poisoning your mind? Your fool of a father, I suppose." And then she stopped and went all scarlet. "Who told you they were yours?" she asked again, taking it all the higher for her stumble. "When you are grown, then you shall have your share, and not a day before. These things are not for babies."

The child looked at her and was amazed. "I do not wish them," she said. "I wish they might be burned."

"Upon my word, what next?" cried Aud. "And why should they be burned?"

"I know my father tried to burn these things," said Asdis, "and he named Thorgunna's name upon the skerry ere he died. And, O mother, I doubt they have brought ill luck."

But the more Aud was terrified, the more she would make light of it.

Then the girl put her hand upon her mother's. "I fear they are ill come by," said she.

The blood sprang in Aud's face. "And who made you a judge upon your mother that bore you?" cried she.

"Kinswoman," said Asdis, looking down, "I saw you with the brooch."

"What do you mean? When? Where did you see me?" cried the mother.

"Here in the hall," said Asdis, looking on the floor, "the night you stole it."

At that Aud let out a cry. Then she heaved up her hand to strike the child. "You little spy!" she cried. Then she covered her face, and wept, and rocked herself. "What can you know?" she cried. "How can you understand, that are a baby, not so long weaned? *He* could—your father could, the dear good man, dead and gone! He could understand and pity, he was good to me. Now he has left me alone with heartless children! Asdis," she cried, "have you no nature in your blood? You do not know what I have done and suffered for them. I have done—oh, and I could have done anything! And there is your father dead. And after all, you ask me not to use them? No woman in Iceland has the like. And you wish me to destroy them? Not if the dead should rise!" she cried. "No, no," and she stopped her ears, "not if the dead should rise; and let that end it!"

So she ran into her bed-place, and clapped to the door, and left the child amazed.

But for all Aud spoke with so much passion it was

noticed that for long she left the things unused. Only she would be locked some while daily in the bed-place, where she pored on them and secretly wore them for her pleasure.

Now winter was at hand; the days grew short and the nights long; and under the golden face of the morning the isle would stand silver with frost. Word came from Holyfell to Frodis Water of a company of young men upon a journey; that night they supped at Holyfell, the next it would be at Frodis Water; and Alf of the Fells was there and Thongbrand Ketilson, and Hall the Fair. Aud went early to her bed-place, and there she pored upon these fineries till her heart was melted with self-love. There was a kirtle of a mingled colour, and the blue shot into the green, and the green lightened from the blue, as the colours play in the ocean between deeps and shallows: she thought she could endure to live no longer and not wear it. There was a bracelet of an ell long, wrought like a serpent and with fiery jewels for the eyes; she saw it shine on her white arm and her head grew dizzy with desire. "Ah!" she thought, "never were fine lendings better met with a fair wearer." And she closed her eyelids, and she thought she saw herself among the company and the men's eyes go after her admiring. With that she considered that she must soon marry one of them and wondered which; and she thought Alf was perhaps the best, or Hall the Fair, but was not certain; and then she remembered Finnward Keelfarer in his cairn upon the hill, and was concerned. "Well, he was a good husband to me," she thought, "and I was a good wife to him. But that is an old song now." So she turned again to handling the stuffs and jewels. At last she got to bed in the smooth sheets, and lay, and fancied how she would look, and admired herself, and saw others admire her, and told herself stories, till her heart grew warm and she chuckled to herself between the sheets. So she shook a while with laughter; and then the mirth abated but not the shaking; and a grue took hold upon her flesh, and the cold of the grave upon her belly, and the terror of death upon her soul. With that a voice was in her ear:

"It was so Thorgunna sickened." Thrice in the night the chill and the terror took her, and thrice it passed away; and when she rose on the morrow, death had breathed upon her countenance.

She saw the house folk and her children gaze upon her; well she knew why! She knew her day was come, and the last of her days, and her last hour was at her back; and it was so in her soul that she scarce minded. All was lost, all was past mending, she would carry on until she fell. So she went as usual, and hurried the feast for the young men, and railed upon her house folk, but her feet stumbled, and her voice was strange in her own ears, and the eyes of the folk fled before her. At times, too, the chill took her and the fear along with it; and she must sit down, and the teeth beat together in her head, and the stool tottered on the floor. At these times, she thought she was passing, and the voice of Thorgunna sounded in her ear: "The things are for no use but to be shown," it said. "Aud, Aud, have you shown them once? No, not once!" And at the sting of the thought her courage and strength would revive, and she would rise again and move about her business.

Now the hour drew near, and Aud went to her bed-place, and did on the bravest of her finery, and came forth to greet her guests. Was never woman in Iceland robed as she was. The words of greeting were yet between her lips, when the shuddering fell upon her strong as labour, and a horror as deep as hell. Her face was changed amidst her finery, and the faces of her guests were changed as they beheld her: fear puckered their brows, fear drew back their feet; and she took her doom from the looks of them, and fled to her bed-place. There she flung herself on the wife's coverlet, and turned her face against the wall.

That was the end of all the words of Aud; and in the small hours on the clock her spirit wended. Asdis had come to and fro, seeing if she might help, where was no help possible of man or woman. It was light in the bed-place when the maid returned, for a taper stood upon a

chest. There lay Aud in her fine clothes, and there by her side on the bed the big dead wife Thorgunna squatted on her hams. No sound was heard, but it seemed by the movement of her mouth as if Thorgunna sang, and she waved her arms as if to singing.

"God be good to us!" cried Asdis, "she is dead."

"Dead," said the dead wife.

"Is the weird passed?" cried Asdis.

"When the sin is done the weird is dreed," said Thorgunna; and with that she was not.

But the next day Eyolf and Asdis caused build a fire on the shore betwixt tide-marks. There they burned the bedclothes, and the clothes, and the jewels, and the very boards of the waif woman's chests; and when the tide returned it washed away their ashes. So the weird of Thorgunna was lifted from the house on Frodis Water.

THE CHARITY BAZAAR

AN ALLEGORICAL DIALOGUE

This boyish skit, privately printed in 1868, the occasion of a charity bazaar held at 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, was first reprinted in the Edinburgh Edition.

THE CHARITY BAZAAR

AN ALLEGORICAL DIALOGUE

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC
HIS WIFE
THE TOUT

The Tout, in an allegorical costume, holding a silver trumpet in his right hand, is discovered on the steps in front of the Bazaar. He sounds a preliminary flourish.

THE TOUT. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to announce a sale of many interesting, beautiful, rare, quaint, comical, and necessary articles. Here you will find objects of taste, such as Babies' Shoes, Children's Petticoats, and Shetland Wool Cravats; objects of general usefulness, such as Tea-cosies, Bangles, Brahmin Beads, and Madras Baskets; and objects of imperious necessity, such as Pen-wipers, Indian Figures carefully repaired with glue, and Sealed Envelopes, containing a surprise. And all this is not to be sold by your common Shopkeepers, intent on small and legitimate profits, but by Ladies and Gentlemen, who would as soon think of picking your pocket of a cotton handkerchief, as of selling a single one of these many interesting, beautiful, rare, quaint, comical, and necessary articles at less than twice its market value.

(*He sounds another flourish.*)

THE WIFE. This seems a very fair-spoken young man

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC (*addressing the Tout*). Sir, I am a man of simple and untutored mind; but I appre-

hend that this sale, of which you give us so glowing a description, is neither more nor less than a Charity Bazaar ?

THE TOUT. Sir, your penetration has not deceived you.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. Into which you seek to entice unwary passengers ?

THE TOUT. Such is my office.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. But is not a Charity Bazaar, sir, a place where, for ulterior purposes, amateur goods are sold at a price above their market value ?

THE TOUT. I perceive you are no novice. Let us sit down, all three, upon the door-steps, and reason this matter at length. The position is a little conspicuous, but airy and convenient.

(*The Tout seats himself on the second step, the Ingenuous Public and his Wife to right and left of him one step below.*)

THE TOUT. Shopping is one of the dearest pleasures of the human heart.

THE WIFE. Indeed, sir, and that it is.

THE TOUT. The choice of articles, apart from their usefulness, is an appetising occupation, and to exchange bald, uniform shillings for a fine big, figurative knick-knack, such as a windmill, a gross of green spectacles, or a cocked hat, gives us a direct and emphatic sense of gain. We have had many shillings before, as good as these ; but this is the first time we have possessed a windmill. Upon these principles of human nature, sir, is based the theory of the Charity Bazaar. People were doubtless charitably disposed. The problem was to make the exercise of charity entertaining in itself—you follow me, madam ?—and in the Charity Bazaar a satisfactory solution was attained. The act of giving away money for charitable purposes is, by this admirable invention, transformed into an amusement, and puts on the externals of profitable commerce. You play at shopping a while ; and in order to keep up the illusion, sham goods do actually change hands. Thus, under the similitude of a game, I have seen children confronted with the horrors of arithmetic, and even taught to gargle.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. You expound this subject very magisterially, sir. But tell me, would it not be possible to carry this element of play still further? and after I had remained a proper time in the Bazaar, and negotiated a sufficient number of sham bargains, would it not be possible to return me my money in the hall?

THE TOUT. I question whether that would not impair the humour of the situation. And besides, my dear sir, the pith of the whole device is to take that money from you.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. True. But at least the Bazaar might take back the tea-cosies and pen-wipers.

THE TOUT. I have no doubt, if you were to ask it handsomely, that you would be so far accommodated. Still it is out of the theory. The sham goods, for which, believe me, I readily understand your disaffection—the sham goods are well adapted for their purpose. Your lady wife will lay these tea-cosies and pen-wipers aside in a safe place, until she is asked to contribute to another Charity Bazaar. There the tea-cosies and pen-wipers will be once more charitably sold. The new purchasers, in their turn, will accurately imitate the dispositions of your lady wife. In short, sir, the whole affair is a cycle of operations. The tea-cosies and pen-wipers are merely counters; they come off and on again like a stage army; and year after year people pretend to buy and pretend to sell them, with a vivacity that seems to indicate a talent for the stage. But in the course of these illusory manœuvres, a great deal of money is given in charity, and that in a picturesque, bustling, and agreeable manner. If you have to travel somewhere on business, you would choose the prettiest route, and desire pleasant companions by the way. And why not show the same spirit in giving alms?

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. Sir, I am profoundly indebted to you for all you have said. I am, sir, your absolute convert.

THE WIFE. Let us lose no time, but enter the Charity Bazaar.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. Yes; let us enter the Charity Bazaar.

BOTH (*singing*): Let us enter, let us enter, let us enter,
Let us enter the Charity Bazaar!

(*An interval is supposed to elapse. The Ingenuous Public and his Wife are discovered issuing from the Charity Bazaar.*)

THE WIFE. How fortunate you should have brought your cheque-book!

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. Well, fortunate in a sense. (*Addressing the Tout.*) Sir, I shall send a van in the course of the afternoon for the little articles I have purchased. I shall not say good-bye; because I shall probably take a lift in the front seat, not from any solicitude, believe me, about the little articles, but as the last opportunity I may have for some time of enjoying the costly entertainment of a drive.

THE SCENE CLOSES

DIOGENES

I. DIOGENES IN LONDON

II. DIOGENES AT THE SAVILE CLUB

Diogenes in London was privately printed in 1920 for John Howell, San Francisco; *Diogenes at the Savile Club* was privately printed in 1921 for David G. Joyce, Chicago.

It is probable that the present scene at the Savile Club was intended to follow the Police Scene at no great distance, but of this we cannot be certain.

DIOGENES

I. DIOGENES IN LONDON

Police Scene

AT this moment a hasty ejaculation in an ancient tongue escaped the lips of the cynic.

"My lantern!" he cried. "It is gone—after centuries, gone."

"Ha," observed the poet. "Chipe? you surprise me. The loss, however, might have been . . . More light, perhaps, than sweetness."

"Damn it, sir," exclaimed D., "the thing has been stolen!"

"Precisely," returned Mr. Arnold, "stolen; and by a circumstance, possibly fortuitous, but surely notable, opposite to Scotland Yard and the office of my friend Vincent. Follow me," he continued, leading the way, "it is but a step; there you will find all the benefits of system, sir—of system. For," and he tapped the sage upon the bosom, "for we have organised the police. One step in the right direction. You will, I believe, be delighted with my friend Vincent. Quite the Cosmopolite."

Mr. Arnold gave his card to an attendant, and the pair were speedily admitted to the seat of criminal investigation. At the end of the apartment, which was perfectly unpretentious, the great Criminal Investigator sat upon a dais, slightly raised, with his knees under a table. A remarkable array of speaking tubes, like the beer taps of a public house, moved.

"This gentleman's lantern has been stolen," said Mr. Arnold.

"Ha!" said Vincent.

"Plucked from his hand upon the street, immediately in front of Scotland Yard. I brought him immediately to you. The lantern is of small intrinsic value; but dear to the philosopher from old association."

"Number 3,566,783," wrote the investigator. "Ha, very, very gratifying."

"What is gratifying?" inquired the sage.

"The percentage," returned Vincent briefly.

"So," said Diogenes.

"And now, gentlemen, I do not see that I need detain you any longer. All has been done that man can do; the Criminal Investigation Department is on the jump; and I have only to thank you for this interesting item."

"And when may I hope to get my lantern?" inquired the sage.

"Your lantern?" repeated Vincent, laying down his pen.

"Your lantern!" cried Mr. Arnold. "Why, your lantern's stolen!"

"You have made a mistake, sir," continued Vincent, with dignity. "This is the Criminal Investigation Department."

"Ah!" said Diogenes.

"Here, sir," continued the chief of police, "we do not cope with crime: we investigate it."

"Crime," added Mr. Arnold, "is irresistible. Organise crime. These were my words: *fiat lux!*"

"We are altogether French in our ideas," pursued Vincent, "entirely French: *Français comme une pomme de terre*. To understand French ideas, my old buck, you must get up early in the morning."

"Lucidity, lenity, clarity, classicality," cried Mr. Arnold in a rapture. "French is irresistible. Organ . . . No, I didn't mean that."

"I can show you the French statistics, Arnold," breathed Vincent, producing a book, "they are damned gratifying."

"Ah!" exclaimed the poet, "let me gaze on them."

And advancing to the table with the speaking tubes, he bowed his head for some minutes over the work, Vincent indicating with his pen the most gratifying passages.

"We are reading it in the original," observed the Investigator, looking up for a second at Diogenes, with a certain radiancy of pride.

"We both speak it like natives," added the poet with a nod.

The pair were still gloating over the Evidences of Organisation, and Diogenes was still seated in a kind of torpor of surprise, when the door was pushed slightly open, and the head of a lady in curl papers looked gaily into the apartment.

"It's only me," she said. "Just as I am."

And she skipped lightly forward.

"Ah, Miss Braddon, Miss Braddon," said Mr. Arnold severely, "this is—this is a painful meeting."

"Mat!" she cried, "so cold! this is a Strange World."

"You have laid your hands on Scott, ma'am, in a spirit, I fear, far other than courtesy," said the poet.

"O Mat!" returned Miss Braddon, "I only Byronised him."

The poet winced.

"And if you knew how I adore him," she continued. "It is a perfect mania of mine. You see my curl papers?—each a complete condensed Waverley—in magenta, too, my favourite colour. The author of *Vixen* bows to the author of *Guy Mannering*."

"Talking of *Guy Mannering*," replied Mr. Arnold, "it's the only one I've seen. Why the devil did you leave out all that anybody cares to read? and that business of the flute and song, ma'am—the heart of the romance—why, in the name of culture, leave out that?"

"He's such a very unequal writer," said the lady giddily. "But who's your friend, Vincent?"

"I forget his name—introduced by Arnold—street robbery number 3,566,783," replied the chief of police.

" Diogenes—Miss Braddon, Miss Braddon—Diogenes," said Arnold.

" Diogenes ! why, I declare you're one of those charming Greeks. How delightful ! Have you read *Dead Men's Shoes ?* "

" No, ma'am," replied the sage.

" Many of my works ? Come ! "

" Not one, ma'am," said Diogenes.

" Ah," she sighed, " only a clod. But come, Mat—you know, I'm nothing if not local-coloury—the furniture in each of my books alone is worth the money. Let us do something classical."

" Classical ! " cried the poet with sudden energy. " You bet your life ! Vincent, touch the lyre, and we will tread a measure."

The obliging director drew from a drawer of his table a handsome penny whistle, with which he often entertained his leisures. His face lit up with joy as he applied the instrument to his moustache ; and soon the apartment rang to that sweet melody ; while the two famous authors, each bounding and tripping like a kid, followed the mazes of a gay impromptu dance.

" You now behold me happy," said the poet. " Quite the Greek, you see. Ah ! " he cried, still leaping to the air, " if the clergy of England were but here ! What a lesson they would receive from this—this is worship ! "

Then, at a given moment, the music ceased, the investigator leaping from his table, joined the dance and each in turn timed the steps of the others to the improvisations of the human voice.

	with:
B. My pison bowl when I was mixin'	*My name can never die,*
A-pouring forth my soul in *Vixen,*	*His name can never die, huzza,*
All at once there came a thought:	*Her (my) name can never die,*
Why not bedevil Walter Scott ?	

with:

A. With French and Greek in fit proportions
I wrote my classical abortions
A thought as wise as Chiron:
Why not bedevil George, Lord Byron?

My name can never die,
His name can never die, huzza,
My name can never die,
His name can never die.

V. I was a fat contented boy,
Detective novels all my joy;
An evil thought to me there came:
Whence England's loss and Vincent's shame:
I thought it quite a fine transaction
To put Gaboriau in action.

GRAND DANCE & FINALE

Our names can never die, huzza,
Our names can never die.

Scarce had the strains died away, when Mr. Arnold, remembering an engagement, hurried from the building, and Vincent, dashing to his place, returned to his invaluable occupation of blowing down the tubes.

"Ma'am," said Diogenes, perceiving that the scene was at an end, "can you guide me to St. Stephens?"

"I? of course I can. I'll introduce you to dear Gladstone, dear Northcote, and darling Parnell. I know 'em all—all. Follow me, and they will soon be Run to Earth."

Vincent, absorbed in calisthenics with the speaking tubes, did not appear to observe their departure; and as soon as they were in the street, the lady, turning to the sage, appealed to him in these words: "Is not Vincent a dear creature?"

"At any price," replied Diogenes. "What a bad memory he must have," he added.

"He! a bad memory! Why?"

"Always remembering things that he had forgotten," said the sage.

"O, the tubes you mean!" cried Miss Braddon. "O dear, no, he's forgotten nothing. That's—well," said the lady, blushing, "I hardly like to mention it, but it's what I call a Dress-Improver. We all do it."

"A what!" cried the sage. "O I see. Done for show. And that's why you all pretend to be in a bustle. Dear me!"

"Yes," replied the lady. "Just so. We all do it, as I said. We all give ourselves out for brighter, and busier, and bustlier, than ever we could be, you know, in our poor little stale existences. And the Cloven Foot is this, Diogenes, that it doesn't do. People see through it. It's Lady Audley's Secret."

"Well, it seems I don't know English," growled the sage. "What the devil is Lady Audley's Secret?"

"The Secret that everybody knows," replied the Authoress with pride.

There was a pause during which Diogenes partook of the sandwiches which he owed to the generosity of the British premier.

"His food is like his foreign policy," he murmured—"bosh."

"Ham I to understand, sir," inquired the Verger, "that your honour has not yet, in a manner of speaking, found a man?"

Diogenes laid aside his sandwiches; and taking out his lute, etc.

"I have been East, I have been West,
To earth's remotest bound;
On every hand I sought the best,
The good I never found.
At last, from all the fools in flocks,
Methought I saw a man,
A-taking out the works of clocks,
Afar in the Soudan."

"Yes," he added, "I believe he was a man"

"Then why not go to him, sir?"

"I can't," said Diogenes. "He doesn't keep his situations long enough."

II. DIOGENES AT THE SAVILE CLUB

"Here we are!" said his Grace, pausing before an unpretentious building not a hundred miles from the abode of Poole. "Here, my good fellow, is the spot. I often take my chop there of a morning, but to-day I think I shall drop in at the Criterion."

"But for whom then am I to ask?" inquired the sage. "O ask for my friend, Besant-and-Rice," returned the Prelate airily. "*He*'ll see you through. Ta-ta." And before Diogenes had time to thank him for his courtesies the Primate of England was already some doors down the Row, toddling for Vigo Street on the sacrosanct passage of the Albany.

"What a very estimable person," thought the sage, pausing with one hand upon the railing, ere he mounted the steps of the Savile Club. "What a pity—but pshaw!" And wiping the moisture from his brow, he hastily, like a man turning his back upon some grievous thought, entered the building.

It was green. It was tastefully decorated with playbills and umbrellas; and the coats and hats of many rising authors depended at regular intervals upon the walls. On one hand, in a glass case, a manner of porter waited.

"Is Mr. Besant-and-Rice in?" inquired the cynic.

"What name, sir?" returned the porter.

Diogenes laboriously produced a card on which one word served to indicate at once his name, his reputation and his nationality: ΔΙΟΓΕΝΗΣ.

[Get this right, for Lord's sake: I don't know it.]

Then remembering that French was a tongue better understood in that building than the ancient Greek, he added in pencil: "*de la part de Monseigneur l'Archevêque de Cantorbéry.*"

The servant, who was well trained, perceived the quality of his visitor; his manner softened at once; and it was with an affectionate grace and in the softest { diction of Marseilles / tones of the Bas Languedoc } that he begged Diogenes to give himself the trouble of attending. Nor was he long absent; skipping lightly upstairs, he presently returned with the same deft tread and led the sage to the door of the Smoking Room of the Savile Club. It was opened, emitting strains of choral minstrelsy and, at the same moment, a manly form holding the card in one of its strong hands.

"Any one from the Arshigveshy," said the Form, "is welcome. Pray step in."

"But are you Besant or Rice?" inquired the sage.

"I am both," said Besant. Diogenes was cowed; without another word he followed the famous novelists into the Smoking Room of the Savile Club.

"This is the place known by fame to many; to few by sight. Now and again, Gladstone or Hugo, the Primate of England or the Prince de Galles, may tread, not without awe, its hallowed flooring. But these, great though they are, are not its true inhabitants. Here gather daily those young eaglets of glory, the swordsmen of the pen, who are the pride and wonder of the world, and the terror and envy of the effete pensionnaires of the *Athenæum*. They are all young; and youth is a great gift. They are all clever authors; and some of them, with that last refinement of talent, old as Job but rare as modesty, have hitherto refrained from writing. They are old friends, though they may slate each other in anonymous prints. And they are all Rising."

On the present occasion, the Club was in force, and six distinguished guests added lustre to the scene. Blackmore had come there with a basket of fruit and obsolete expressions; Hardy had looked in to lay down the normal of the Vulgar Woman; Oscar Wilde to buy a statuette from Pater; Black to recruit for his new Midnight Society of the Seven Converted Milkmen; Gilbert and Sullivan

to submit a song with toothcomb accompaniment, to the principal critics there assembled. Thus the Men who had Risen sought counsel and countenance from the great caucus of the Rising Men.

Clouds of tobacco smoke veiled the air; and many of the more piratical members were drinking coffee with the reckless grace of Frenchmen. There was something fiery, wild, and daring in the scene. Naked genius here strangled serpents in its cradle. What it might do next, the heart quailed to fancy.

Besant-and-Rice upraised his hand: "Gentlemen," he said, "here is Diogenes with his lantern. Let us make him welcome. I propose three volumes—three cheers for Diogenes."

The cheers were heartily given; then Diogenes was installed in a chair upon the table, while one after another of the company presented himself unabashed before the cynic, and in a few heartfelt strains proffered his claims to be a Man.

STEVENSON'S COMPANION TO THE COOK BOOK

ADORNED WITH A CENTURY OF AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES

This is printed here for the first time in a popular edition.

STEVENSON'S COMPANION TO THE COOK BOOK

ADORNED WITH A CENTURY OF AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES

DEAR SIR :

Your attention is called and your contributions respectfully solicited to the above work, the culinary part of which is all contracted for, while the more important (because more literary) department of the *Authentic Anecdotes* presents some inconsiderable lacunæ. A small specimen list of six names is inclosed : all or any of which, if you shall find time and the Muse favourable, you might perhaps be tempted to illustrate with some of the productions of your pen. Some specimens are added, not to guide the refinement of your taste (which certainly requires no guidance) but to supply you with some notion of the limitations of our space. If your anecdotes should touch at all upon food, or even introduce the names of dishes, they would be (if possible) more welcome. Your Disinterestedness (so prominent a feature in your admirable character) will rejoice to hear that no emolument is offered ; your well-known Modesty will learn with gratification that your name will not appear, unless you would allow us to introduce your initials into a list of contributions on a flyleaf ; and that unaffected Sociability (which so elegantly crowns the solid monument of your virtues and attainments) will possibly incline you to entertain with favour a last proposition, that you should dine at the

editor's expense with the other contributors (all scarce less distinguished than yourself) on the day of publication.

I have the pleasure to be,

Dear Sir,

Your lively admirer

THE EDITOR.

.....ESQ.

I

FIELDING AND RICHARDSON

WHILE Clarissa was still publishing, it chanced that Mr. Fielding and Mr. Richardson encountered in the inn at Hounslow, where (as they were the only guests) the author of *Joseph Andrews* proposed to the creator of *Pamela* that they should bury their animosity and share in the expense of dinner. Mr. Richardson consented; and the bottle being generously pressed, he became a little warmed with liquor and spoke boastfully of his success, his unequalled fame, and the letters which he continually received from fair, and sometimes from noble correspondents, begging him to spare Clarissa.

"God forbid I should be behind the age!" cries Mr. Fielding. "Let me seize the opportunity, and beg you (as you would pass for a man of gallantry) to spare the lady."

"You jest," returned Mr. Richardson. "But to my sensible correspondents, it is no jesting matter. I assure you my bookshop is besieged with supplicants, many of them dissolved in tears; and I cannot receive an invitation to a dish of tea, but it is made conditional upon my sparing Clarissa."

"This must make your life very distasteful?" inquired Mr. Fielding.

"The price of glory," replied Mr. Richardson modestly. "These are pleasant pains."

The talk continued very much in the same channels; and the two rivals, except for a brief absence on the part of Mr. Fielding, kept it up in company until the day began to fail. The bill was then called for, and the

expense divided. There was some change coming to Mr. Richardson.

"Come, sir," says he to the waiter, "give me my change."

"Only upon one condition," said the waiter: "that you spare Clarissa."

"Mr. Fielding," said Mr. Richardson, "this is of your procuring. It is you who have set this fellow to make a mock of me."

"D——n the fellow! I know nothing by him," returned Mr. Fielding. "He did indeed ask me who you was, and I told him; but for anything else, I think he must have got it from the Duke of Cumberland who changed horses here an hour ago."

At the door of the inn, Mr. Fielding (being the better mounted and pretending some affair in town) excused himself to Mr. Richardson and rode ahead. The other followed at a more sober pace; and twice upon the way, found a reminder of his facetious rival. A turnpikeman declined to open the gate, unless he would spare Clarissa; and a little after on a piece of heath, a horseman rode up to him, clapped a pistol to his head, demanded his money or his life, and then, appearing to bethink himself—"But you are Mr. Richardson, are you not?" said he. "In that case, I desire no money—only that you should spare Clarissa."

At this juncture a noise of troops approaching on the road put the literary highwayman to a retreat; and Mr. Richardson was delivered from his alarms, though not from his annoyance. He reached home at last, a great deal wearied, went early to bed, fell soon asleep, and was awoke about two in the morning by a concourse of very harsh and tuneless singers, many of whom appeared to be in liquor. For near upon two hours, these musicians continued to bray at the pitch of their voices: *Spare us Clarissa, Richardson O!* to the tune of Lillibullero; and it is possible they might have continued all night, but for an irascible neighbour who menaced them from his window with a blunderbuss. The next morning the whole street was in

a hubbub over this nocturnal nuisance ; and many persons, and the gentleman of the blunderbuss in particular, came to the bookshop and complained with much asperity of what they had endured. Mr. Richardson was yet engaged in mollifying one of the last of these, when a street singer struck up before his place of business *Spare us Clarissa, Richardson O !* and he must run to his door and purchase the man's departure. Ten minutes after, a second must be bought off ; inside of half an hour, a third and fourth had made their appearance ; and yet a little later, the first, having already expended his gratuity in drink, returned to the attack. At this Mr. Richardson was so transported out of himself by the tittering of his own shopmen and the open laughter of his neighbours, that he ran headlong out of his house and struck the perfidious musician in the face. The singer returned the blow ; there arose an instant hubbub ; and before Mr. Richardson could at all collect his spirits, he was being borne along in custody, without hat or wig and with a bloody nose, toward the Westminster Police Court. Mr. Fielding was upon the bench ; he heard the musician's story, and cried out upon the monstrous character of the assault.

" But you have not yet heard me," cried Mr. Richardson. " I insist on being heard."

" I will hear you with pleasure, Mr. Richardson," replied the author of *Tom Jones*. " But upon one condition : that you spare Clarissa."

II

LAURENCE STERNE

A YOUNG blood from Cambridge chanced to enter the inn at Chipping Norton, while Sterne was seated there at dinner. The student carried at his heels a certain rustic following, in whose eyes he would fain represent the manners of the city; and spying a shrivelled parson engaged with a poor dinner, he thought the occasion suitable with his design.

"Sir," he said, marching up to the table, "I do not like your face."

"That is a pity," said Mr. Sterne, "for I like yours."

"I perceive you set up to be a wit," said the young man.

"No, sir. Only a Christian," said Mr. Sterne.

"You cannot pretend to take any pleasure in this dinner," said the student, changing his ground. "Come, be done, be done with it, and do not keep me waiting."

"Whence is your hurry?" inquired the parson.

"Because when you are done, I presume you will say grace; and I have a curiosity to hear you canting."

Mr. Sterne instantly laid down his knife and fork, and stood up with a reverent demeanour.

"Lord," said he, "look down upon thy two poor creatures, met here together in the worst inn (among all thy various works) that I can ever remember to have visited; and grant, Lord, unto each, that of which he stands so much in need—to me, digestion: to him, manners."

III

ROBERT BURNS

ON the way, Burns and Nichol were overtaken by a storm of rain, took refuge in a wayside inn beside the Blair, and passed some hours of the afternoon in drinking Athole Brose. It was the first time the poet had tasted the confection: he inquired exactly as to its constituents, and going to the window, looked out with an abstracted countenance into the falling rain.

Nichol, accustomed to the habits of his illustrious friend, had the curiosity to time him. In less than twenty minutes, the poet returned to the table, called for pen and ink, and wrote, in his large, characteristic handwriting and with the even rapidity of one copying, the following ingenious trifle. The original is in the possession of Mr. Niven of Pittendrum, and the stump of the pen was recently purchased by that well-known collector of Burnsiana, Mr. Dall of Inverkirtling.

ATHOLE BROSE

Willie an' I cam doun by Blair
And in by Tullibardine,
The Rye were at the waterside,
An' bee-skeps in the garden.
I saw the reck of a private still—
Says I, "Gud Lord, I thank ye!"
As Willie and I cam in by Blair
And out by Killiekrankie.

Ye hinny bees, ye smuggler lads,
Thou, Muse, the bard's protector,
I never kent what Rye was for
Till I had drunk the nectar!

And shall I never drink it mair?
  Gud troth, I beg your pardon!
The neiest time I come doun by Blair
  And in by Tullibardine.

IV

JUDGE JEFFRIES

"COME, Mr. Pepys, you are a very legal gentleman, and enjoy his Majesty's countenance, which makes it the more outrageous you should appear to bolster up so rotten a cause. But I will save your reputation in spite of yourself. I will screw the truth out of you, Mr. Pepys of the Navy Office! You say you had been to the *King's Head?*"

"Yes, my Lord."

"It would be a mighty strange thing, Mr. Pepys, that you should go into a house of public entertainment and not call for something!"

"My Lord, I had a dish of eggs, a smoked tongue and a cup of small ale."

"So, sir! I am pleased to hear you are so frugal in your manner. But this was upon your animal. What had you at your riding? What calls did you make upon the way? Gentlemen of the jury, I will save this gentleman's reputation in spite of his truth; I will show you him so befogged with meat and fuddling that his testimony is not worth a tinker's. Come, sir, what had you at your riding?"

"There was a roasted pig at my own table, of which I partook in moderation."

"The Lord Chief Justice partook in moderation, quotha! Gentlemen of the Jury, if they had sent us the whole Navy Office to swear upon so nice a point, and I found they had each been guttling upon roasted pig, I could direct you to exclude their testimony."

STATE TRIALS, Vol. VII.

V

ST. ATHANASIUS

I AM tempted to relate an anecdote, trifling in itself, but which represents in a more genial character the energetic features of the defender of orthodoxy. The Saint, in the course of one of his precipitate and mysterious retreats, arrived in the monastic island of Tabeune ; he was scarce come to land ere the rude horn of the monastery was winded to give notice of the approach of his pursuers ; and Athanasius perceived he must proceed with incessant diligence to some more retracted quarters of the desert. A boat was hastily fitted for the river, and the Abbot, coming to announce its readiness, found his illustrious guest seated in the sand in the cell of a lay brother, and staying his appetite with a mess of eggs and some green salad. Such was indeed the austere ordinary of the monks ; but it was their pride to entertain the orthodox fugitive even with profusion ; and the Abbot expressed his apologies and regrets for what he deemed a stain upon the credit of the holy island.

" I have not dined so well amid the luxuries of Alexandria," said Athanasius. " You may think it difficult," he added, " to make a creed like mine. I assure you," laying his hand on the shoulder of the lay brother, " it is more difficult to make an omelette like his."

GILLEN, Vol. III, p. 217.

VI

JOHN KNOX AND THE ALMONER OF THE GALLEY

THE oars of the galley were manned with the dregs of France, wretches devoted to the gallows, robbers from the forest and pirates from the sea ; these along with their innocent companion, alternately toiled half-naked in the rain and spray or crowded to slumber in a dismal and infectious hold ; the food was scantily sufficient to support the waste of so laborious a life ; and to complete this picture of misfortune, the ship was pursued through the extent of the north sea with inclement and contrarious gales. Late in September she swept within distant view of the towers of St. Andrews. According to one account, the day was Sunday, and (the land wind then blowing pretty strong) the ears of Knox were tantalised with the sound of the church bells. The day following, it fell a calm ; and the slaves being all exhausted with the long continuance of heavy weather, the captain was minded to lie idle within half a mile of the Bell Rock.

The Almoner of the galley, chancing to pass among the slaves as they were suffered to sit and sun themselves upon the forward deck, paused before Knox and began to twit him with his heresy and servile punishment.

" There," said he, " is your own country ; but yesterday we passed before the spires of a university where you once publicly taught ; and this is the last bitterness of your punishment, doubtless vouchsafed you in mercy, that you should behold these native places from the seat of slavery, as the rich man in the parable saw heaven from hell. Even that rock is Scottish ; and I daresay you regard it with eyes of longing."

"I will never deny that," replied the reformer; "and the rock one that you would review yourself with some respect, if you were anyway acquainted with its history. For it was the scene and it is still a monument of useful piety."

The Almoner's curiosity prompted him to inquire further: and Knox related the story of the Abbot of Arbroath, how he had planted a bell upon that dangerous reef, then called the Inchcape, how for nine years the bell had served its charitable end, and how it was at last torn down and flung into the sea by a notorious pirate.

"I will remember the soul of that good abbot in my prayers!" exclaimed the Almoner.

"Well, well," said the reformer, "it can never be laid to my charge, if you wrest even this innocent history into a means of damnation."

The priest was extremely incensed by the remark.

"You think yourself so low that you can fall no lower," said he, "but I will prove to you you are mistaken."

With these words he hastened to the Captain of the galley, professed a curiosity to explore the reef, and requested permission to visit it in one of the skiffs and to take Knox among his rowers. The skiff was accordingly prepared; the reformer and three other galley slaves descended grumbling to their places; and the Almoner seized the rudder and steered for the Bell Rock.

"Knox," said he, as soon as they were out of hearing of the ship, "let this be a lesson to you to restrain your superfluity of naughtiness. You may thank your own foul tongue, if your day of rest has been denied you."

The landing was more than usually easy; a little search discovered one of the stanchions of the bell, and the Almoner knelt upon the weeds in prayer, while Knox and the other galley slaves aroused their impatience and perhaps their hunger with the eating of dulse. In the midst of these occupations, they were all amazed to observe a bustle on the deck of the galley and (presently after) the sea to whiten about the oar blades and the prow. To the watcher at the masthead, a ship, which was still invisible to the

landing party on the reef, had appeared on the horizon. The Almoner desisted from his prayers.

"I profess, Master Knox," said he, "the *Notre-Dame* appears to draw away from us."

"Non magister sum, sum servus," returned the reformer.

"No," cried the priest, "not so, Master Knox—the tonsure is indelible. But did you not say the reef was to be presently submerged?"

"Within one poor half hour, we shall be standing to our chins," replied Knox.

The Almoner, who was a clerk of a small stature, devoutly crossed himself. "Get me then incontinently to the skiff," said he. The skiff lay in a weedy inlet between shelves, and as the landing party drew near, they were concerned to observe it nearly filled with water.

"My friends!" cried the Almoner. "What may this betoken?"

One of the slaves scrambled on board.

"The plug is gone, and we are all dead men," cried he with an oath.

"Jesus-Maria!" cried the Almoner. "My excellent friends! Can nothing be done? Here be five men all very fitted for a career of usefulness which may be here nipped in the bud within a quarter of an hour. Beseech you, my dear friends, bethink yourselves! There must be one among you with some tincture of sea-discipline."

"Jack-priest," interrupted the apostle of Scotland, "leave us no longer with your lamentations. I can and will prolong the career of usefulness of a priest, a condemned heretic and three private murderers; but you will have to thank your own foul tongue for it."

"What do you mean, Mr. Knox?" inquired the Almoner. "I will refuse you nothing."

"It is well," said the reformer. "I will then repair the boat for you, after you shall have said with a loud voice: *A black end to the Pope!*"

"Never!" cried the Almoner; "rather a thousand deaths!" And sitting down, he fell to his beads.

Knox on his part returned with a good appetite to his gathering of dulse.

The tide continued insensibly to rise; and presently the water flowed into the shoes of one of the three galley slaves, who leaped up with an imprecation.

"What fools we are," cried he, "to drown for a pair of shavelings!"

The three fell at once into an agreement, seized the stretchers and turned first in the direction of the reformer. But Knox had armed himself with the boat's tiller which he carried under his arm as he picked his dulse, and he regarded them with so resolute an eye that they diverted their rebellion on the priest. Surrounding him with upraised stretchers, "Say what the gentleman bids you!" they cried.

"My beloved friends," wailed the priest, "would you plunge me in deadly sin?"

"Hear him!" cried one of the slaves. "He is going to damn four souls in order to save his own! There's charity and mercy!"

"God forgive me," cried the Almoner, "you remind me of my duty. I will proceed at once to give you absolution; and nobody need be damned except the Scotchman."

But the galley slaves were in no spirit to accept the compromise; they fell upon the priest incontinently and, in spite of his own supplications and the continual mounting of the tide, alternately threatened and mauled him with their stretchers. All this time Knox was picking and eating his dulse on the most elevated shelf of the Bell Rock. At last, when the reef was almost wholly covered and the slaves and the unfortunate priest were struggling to the knees in water, he called upon them with a loud voice:

"Enough!" he cried. "I have no more mind to drown than the worst of you, all the less as this may very well prove the occasion of our escape. Here is the plug, which I had all the while in my pocket; and let us bale the boat."

To this necessary labour, all addressed themselves, even the priest, who could not stir without a groan; and so

vigorous were their exertions that in the space of a few minutes they floated safely on the smooth surface of the sea.

A fog had begun to arise; the galley was quite lost to view, the coast of Angus already grew obscure, the voice of an approaching gale sounded in their ears; and by common consent of the galley slaves, eager to escape, and of the priest concerned for his existence, the head of the skiff was directed for the Scottish shore. But the utmost diligence of the rowers was prevented by the expedition of the gale, which burst with uncommon fury on their unprotected heads; the rest of that day and the whole of the succeeding night, they fled before the seas at random without food or compass; and by the first light of the dawn which they had impatiently expected, ran the skiff upon a sandy beach enclosed with hillocks. The reformer, who was well acquainted with that part of Scotland, instantly recognised their refuge for the Isle of May, a spot inhabited only by the monks of the priory, all bigoted Romanists and the declared enemies of his own person. In this difficulty, he artfully professed himself ignorant of their position; but as he was the strongest of the party, having made a full meal of the dulse, and was besides in his own land, he volunteered his services to go in quest of food and information. The scheme was accepted; the reformer presented himself at the priory door, described himself as a fisher blown from one of the neighbouring towns of Fife, and returned to his companions on the beach with a whole haggis and a liberal supply of oaten bread. "God be praised, Master Knox!" said the Almoner. "That is one thing very proper to be said before a meal," returned the reformer with a smile; "but there is another equally needful which you seem to have forgotten."

"What is that?" asked the priest.

"*Black end to the Pope!*" said the apostle of Scotland.

"*Vade retro, Sathanus!*" cried the priest.

"At your own pleasure," said Knox. "Those gentlemen and I will fall to in the meanwhile at the haggis."

The Almoner at first civilly expostulated; pressing his

companions to continue to eat, he rose into a higher strain, threatening the terrors of the church ; and when these were received with indifference, involved himself ever more in his own dignity, and sat down to his beads. The haggis, which smelt very savoury, was two thirds gone before his courage melted ; even then, his tongue proved so rebellious, that he must three times repeat the hated formula, before his tormentor declared him satisfied and he was suffered to take his part of the delicious pudding.

" And now," said Knox, " are you not a singular sort of saint ? That you could suffer stripes and face the loss of life, and that all your constancy should fly away at the smell of some onions and sheep's tripes ? "

The Almoner was now in a more happy temper ; he answered with a smile : " There is a text, *The life is more than meat*, which I have always conceived to be a mistranslation. Meat is surely more than life, since it offers a great deal of excellent diversion in the bargain."

" Fie, fie," cried the reformer, " this is heresy ; for just such freedoms am I tugging an oar in a galley."

" It is very true," replied the Almoner, " and I recall my emend. But do you sincerely wonder at my inconsistency ? "

" It speaks of a belly-god religion," said the reformer.

" You think then," rejoined the priest, " that I ought to be more afraid of going to heaven than of missing breakfast ? "

" It is very merrily said and very truly," cried the reformer. " Here is another helping for the word."

The galley, which had been driven like themselves into the Firth, overtook them in the course of the forenoon, some way beneath the isle of Fidra ; but the Almoner, with some magnanimity, made no complaint of his companions.

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